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Original Poetry.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER TO DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES JACKSON.

"All of my children, but not my husband!" replied a lady of Cincinnati, when asked whether she would rather her husband, or half the number of her children, be laid in the tomb.

Yes, take them all, oh Death! 'tis sweet, indeed,
To hear their joyous laughter round my door;
Fondly I love them; and my heart would bleed
To know their forms should bless my hearth no more;
Yet a pang keener still could pierce my heart,
And if, oh Death! thou plant'st a sorrow there,
There are my infants, and with them I part;
Take, take my children, but my husband spare!

Sweet were the hours when first my gladden'd eye
Gazed long, enraptured, on each little one;
But sweeter far that moment when the tie
Was form'd which knit his spirit to mine own!
Bitter, indeed, 'twould be, my babes to lay
In the cold valley, 'neath the silent stone;
But if, oh Death! thou should'st tear him away,
My joys on Earth would be forever flown!

'Tis sweet to see their dark eyes laughing light,
And hear the music of each little voice;
Ah! mine are precious as the jewels bright
That made the Roman mother's heart rejoice!
Yet, if they still were left my halls to grace,
And he within the sepulchre asleep,
I'd daily in each smiling infant's face
Its father's mirror'd image see—and weep!

And when, oh Death! thou hurl'st again thy dart,
Severing the tie that makes Earth doubly dear,
Grant that the noiseless shaft may seek my heart;
I could not lay him in the sepulchre!
If not on him shall rest my dying eyes—
If he be near my parting pangs to ease,
I'll think of those sweet babes beyond the skies,
Lean on his faithful breast, and die in peace!

Nashville, June, 1849.

A SONG OF THE WRECK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

The ocean sands are round her keel,
The ocean surge is rolling past,
The sea-bird's wing is seen to wheel
In circles, round her broken mast.
There is no mortal hand to scare
The white winged sea-gull from her deck,
No spirit, but the sailor's prayer,
Keeps watch above the noble wreck.

Is she not desolate—old ship,
Left to the surges wild career,
No more her noble prow to dip
In the wide waters, blue and clear—
No more to bear the snowy sail
Home from old England's distant shores,
No more to breast the Northern gale
With strong men on her oaken floors?

Is there no struggle with the storm?
No struggle that the warrior's steed
Heaves when the throe is on his form,
And he lies down in fight to bleed?
Battles she not with wind and tide
As in old time when tempests came,
And the dark wave that swept her side
Shook not the iron of her frame?

Battles she not! Aye, gallantly,
And plank by plank is swept away,
Slowly, as if she could not be
The hard won trophy of decay.
The sea-bird on her broken mast,
The frayed rope swinging from her prow,
She waits the summons of the blast
That sweeps the broad Atlantic now.

Pictures of Life.

ADVENTURES IN GREECE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI, AN ITALIAN EXILE.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal! though no more; though fallen, great!"

Once more in fair Greece!—The sky bent over me with a look of love, and through the bland air, made eloquent with the splendor of the past, the winged thought of the telegraph came burdened with its official command to bear our good frigate to the Archipelago. On the morning of the 28th of January, 184–, we left the road of Toulon, in the Tancrede, for the Island of Malta. I shall not enumerate the pleasant dreams and romantic schemes which passed through my mind during the first four days of our voyage; suffice it to say, that only a year before, this muse-haunted and classic land had been the scene of my wanderings. I had loved a beautiful Greek slave, in Alexandria, in Egypt, and this last place was also the dawn of a better life to me. Another change!—I was now going back to Greece on a most secret and perilous mission. In my capacity of *Chargé de Affaires*; not as an envoy of Louis Philippe, nor a commissioner of Guizot; I had engaged with an exiled Greek to fulfil a sacred duty, which, had it been discovered, would have cost me an imprisonment of several years, or have separated in the Turkish fashion my head, full of poetical fancies, from my body; nevertheless, I accepted and carried out my design in a satisfactory and successful manner.

A few days before my departure from France, I had made the acquaintance of an old Greek, and a similar fate in life had joined us in bonds of unity, and friendship; thus, at two-and-twenty, I had already learned how easy it was for persons of different language and origin to love each other when they meet in a foreign land, and are suffering for the same cause. My friend had been told that the *Tancrede* was about sailing for Greece; one day he came on board and begged me to meet him the same evening at the *Café de France*.

"I heard," said he, "that you were going to see my country, blessed be he who loves that glorious land—as for me, I have lost all hopes of seeing again that mother of departed heroes, and of thousands of living slaves,"—and here the old man, bursting into tears, made me promise to be at the coffee house at eight o'clock.

Being an exile myself, I could not be indifferent to his grief: his age, his sufferings, and his love of country recalled to my memory my poor old father, who might be at that moment thinking with sorrow on the fate of his unfortunate son. I began a litany of curses against the oppressors of humanity, and would have continued my rosary, had not my friend calmed my irritated feelings and changed our conversation.

It was a most stormy night, I went to the appointed place, and found my friend waiting for me. He seemed pleased to see that I kept my engagement, and having taken two cups of *café noir*, we retired to a private room, "that no one" said he, "may listen to our private affairs."

Sitting near a good fire, he was silent for a long time, his mind seemed agitated by some serious thoughts, nor did I dare to ask the cause of his troubles. It appeared to me that I had no right to penetrate the secrets of his soul. Sometimes he articulated some words in Greek, but in such a low tone that I could not understand a word.

"Excuse me, signor," said he, "I was thinking of my country," and he repeated the famous Greek war song—

"Sons of the Greeks, arise!"

"This famous song," I remarked, "was composed by the immortal Rigas, your patriotic poet, who perished in revolution in Greece?"

"I see," added he, "that you know the modern history of my country. Well, signor, this old man who stands before you, trembling under the weight of seventy years, has been one of the chief leaders of the Grecian revolution. Look at this sword," and taking it out of his cloak, he showed me a large oriental sword, "covered with rust, which," said he, "was the blood of the enemies of my country. I have used this sword during eight years of war. Amongst the Turks it has done more execution than ever did that of Abd el Kader to the French army. During that period I have been engaged in the most bloody battles for the Independence of Greece; I fought for two years in the Island of Scio, and afterwards went to Missolonghi, and served in the French navy at Navarino, against the Turkish fleet. At the end of the Grecian war I believed that the entire Independence of my country would have been recognized and sustained by the allied powers, but those same Kings who allowed our oppressors to destroy the greatest part of our nation, gave up that unfortunate land, in part, to a foreign Prince, and the other was left to the iron sway of the Sultan. Scio my native place, saw again the Mahomedan flag floating over her christian temples, and since that time I retired into voluntary exile, and I have never heard of my only brother since the day I left Missolonghi. Some of my countrymen say that he is yet living in the Island of Scio, but I have never heard directly from him."

"Had you no family?"

"Yes, but their bones lie scattered under the ruins of Missolonghi; more happy than I am they sleep in peace, in the land of their fathers! As for me, I shall die in a foreign land, where not a stone will show to the stranger the grave of Kitras Hesperus."

"What!—are you," I asked in surprise, "that famous Hesperus, who set on fire the Turkish fleet, in 1821?"

"The same," said he, "and my brother was Giorgio Hesperus, whom our enemies called the *terrible*. Look at this small bag around my neck, there is within it a handful of earth. It is a precious relic! It is the earth of Greece, which I took the day I gave my last farewell to Scio. I have carried it with me for many years, and it will be in my grave, dust of my dust."

From my childhood I had been familiar with the ancient and modern history of Greece; translating Homer and Virgil I had learned how great and brave were the first inhabitants of this land, and their last struggles in the present times for their Independence—their virtues and persecutions had attached me even more to their children, who, like the Italians, had been ruled for many centuries by the most barbarous and oppressive despotism. The Greeks, like the Romans, may have degenerated from their ancestors, but when we contemplate the cause of their fall, it is not the people we should blame, but the crowned heads, who use politics and religion to disgrace humanity and to profane the image of God in man. The Greeks, like the Italians, were only allowed to write about religion;—there was neither liberty of thought nor of speech; a new science or a new political sentiment was regarded in both countries with suspicion—the learned and liberal men were always between the prison and the gibbet; religious reformers were excommunicated and damned, and as to morality it is not easy to be found in the Austrian and Turkish school.

The sad history of this old exile was a sufficient prompting for me to undertake any dangerous mission, no matter how serious might be its consequences. I loved Greece, and Kitras Hesperus could ask freely anything from me in behalf of his country and friends. I was very anxious to know more about the late Grecian Revolution and of the glorious fall of Missolonghi; handing a cigar I invited him to narrate me the whole history of his campaigns.

"It pleases me," he said, "to find a young person like you who feels so much interested in the fate of my country. But before I enter upon any event concerning our revolution, I shall recall to your memory at first the time of the French Republic and Empire. At the dawning of that great revolution, Greece was shaken as by the stroke of an earthquake. Liberal ideas of self-government and of nationality began to find echo in the bosoms of all the intelligent people; we flattered ourselves that the time had arrived to raise our flag and the cross. We asked *secretly for protection* the new French Republic: our demands were unanswered. In vain did we plead our slavery and the wrongs of the Turkish Government. The Directory was engaged in the wars of Italy and Germany; tired of useless demands, we remained quiet and silent waiting for better days.

"Our secret committees were not inactive; they did not omit any occasion to acquire new proselytes to the national cause, we had political ramifications scattered all over Greece, and we succeeded in enlisting in our ranks that powerful class called *Papas*, who had proved so efficacious in wars of religion and independence. After having conquered a great part of Europe, the French Republic decided to send her glorious army to Egypt. We wrote again to the Directory and to Bonaparte; we invited them to carry their arms into Greece, that we were ready to rise and to join the French Legions. We knew the great advantages the Republic would have acquired in attempting our freedom and abolishing from a Christian land the infamous market created by the Turks for the sale of our women. We begged in the name of humanity, and of that religion which France and civilization had recognized. All useless! the French nation was deaf to our sufferings and miseries. Napoleon having crossed the Alps was now anxious of seeing the Pyramids, but Divine Providence had decided otherwise; that powerful army was destroyed in a short time by disease and battles. Of those thousands of braves few returned to their country and forgotten Greece remained under the same barbarous sway. Had Napoleon turned his army in our defence, the power of Mahomet would have ceased to reign in civilized Europe; with free Italy, Poland and Greece, the French Republic would have conquered all the world, or at least weakened the odious despots of the North and East. France would have never seen the barbarians profaning her own soil, and would have been the greatest nation on earth.

"The fall of Napoleon came after to cover all Europe with a mournful and mysterious veil. The Congress of Vienna followed that great disaster, and Greece a Christian land remained as she had been. Such was the fate reserved to our country! We Christians had to serve a Mahomedan power, because Mahomet had defended the flag of the *royal believers* of the Trinity.

"Listen to me a little longer, signor, and contemplate the consequences of that monstrous Congress. Only a few years after, Naples and Piedmont rose again for their freedom, but trusting in their Princes and Kings, they were betrayed. Spain having asked the re-establishment of her constitution of 1812, was invaded by a French army at the instigation of the same King who was on the throne not—*by the grace of God*—but by the grace of the people. Poland determined to expel the Cossacks of Russia, and what course do you suppose had Greece to take?"

"To fight," said I, "till the last drop of Grecian blood should be shed."

"Well, we raised the cross and with it we rose against our enemies. The people of Scio were the first to give such a great example; they entered the field of battle as the vanguard of our nation. Scio fell afterward, but with glory! That blood shed for independence was the blood of the martyrs of freedom and will soon be avenged by the present children of those heroes. The Sciots revolted in 1821, we attempted to drive away the Turkish garrison, but they retired into the fortress and could easily bombard our city. We were alone and deprived of the necessary means to sustain an attack or blockade. The Turkish fleet appeared before Scio and landed an imposing army under the command of Capudan Pacha *Kara-Ali*. Here a horrible massacre began on the 14th of April, and by the 20th more than 40,000 persons, without distinction of age or sex, were put by the Turks to the sword, and some of them cruelly tortured! I fled by sea, and since that day I have never beheld my brother. My family escaped in a Sardinian ship to Missolonghi, and I went with other Helenians to collect a few vessels to attack the Turkish fleet. We succeeded in destroying half of it in one night and the Capudan was obliged to leave for Smyrna.

"The beautiful city of Scio was reduced to a heap of ruins, yet we decided to resist our enemies and we sowed afterwards the seed of revolt all over the island. The struggle was hard, long, and terrible on both sides; part of the inhabitants had fled to the continent, and many had sailed for a foreign country. Another powerful army arrived at Scio, and here was decided the fate of our country. The Turks were victorious, more than 30,000 Christians in June 19th, 1822, were murdered or sold to slavery! Our population of 150,000 inhabitants from April, 1821, to March, 1823, was reduced to *sixteen thousand*! Our churches were profaned and turned into slaughter houses! the ministers of our religion were made to suffer and die with the most horrible tortures, and our women were tied and sold like cattle to the market to become slaves and concubines of their most hateful enemies.

"From Scio I turned my steps to Missolonghi, where I arrived a few months before Lord Byron; I enlisted in the army and went as captain to Anatolica. The great Marco Botzaris was no more, and the commandment of the Greek Legions was in the hands of Mavrocordato, a patriotic man but incompetent as a chieftain or a political leader. Such was also the opinion of our English and generous protector Lord Byron."

"Did you ever see his lordship," I asked, "when he landed at Missolonghi?"

"No, signor, I was on an excursion in the neighboring mountains. I was present only at his funeral. His loss was felt bitterly by all the Greek population, and I have never seen such a general affliction in Greece since the death of our great Marco Botzaris. We took his remains to the Church, and placed them near those of our Washington and of General Normann. With the death of Lord Byron we had lost not only the best benefactor but the last hope of a better future for Greece. Lord Byron being dead, the city of Missolonghi became the principal point of attack for our enemies; in less than a month we had fought and gained several battles, but our victories ceased with the arrival of Ibrahim Pacha with a strong army of 30,000 men. We were soon besieged by land and sea; all communications with other cities were intercepted. The Egyptian General summoned us to capitulate, but we answered that 'while there was a son of Greece in Missolonghi the city would never surrender, that we were decided to bury ourselves under her ruins sooner than to become slaves to the Turkish government.' This ultimatum having been refused, at the dawn of the 22nd of April, 1826, a storm of bombs, shells and rockets began to fall on our devoted city. Our General *Noto Botzaris* ordered that all the women, children, sick, aged and wounded should be placed in the temples, and also in a large mill which contained a quantity of gunpowder. We agreed with him to blow up those buildings should the enemy enter the city; our dear families within were aware of their fate, yet they would rather submit to that glorious death than to a shameful slavery. I shall never forget that memorable day! Towards evening it was discovered that the enemy had entered the city; there began a hard and most bloody slaughter; our women and children begged us to fire the mines, they gave us their last adieu and cried to us to fly for the sake of Greece." Here the old man could not continue his sad story, covering his eyes with his hands he groaned and wept. After rising from his seat he burst into a loud imprecation against the Allied Powers of Europe which remained till that time impassive witnesses of the inhuman butcheries of the Turkish Government. Taking my hands he pressed them to his heart as if to feel its anguish.

"Excuse me," said he, "I weep, but my tears flow from this fount that beats yet for Greece; it is a primal law of nature that we should mourn over the misfortunes of our country! The slow coming doom of Missolonghi was at hand; the ancient Ætolia fell under her ruins and buried with her nearly all of her brave children. A Turkish company had entered the large mill, but an old wounded soldier, who had taken upon himself the duty of firing the mines, sat on a barrel of powder, and in an instant the temples and the city presented a scene of awe and desolation. My family were also among the many victims—but our enemies, too, found in Missolonghi their grave."

"How were you spared, Hesperus, in such a disastrous moment?"

"Certain that the old wounded soldier would fire the mines, that our women might not become the slaves and concubines of the barbarous Mahomedans, about eighteen hundred of us who defended so bravely that city under the command of Noto Botzaris and of Kitras Travellas forced a passage through the besieger's army of thirty-nine thousand, and having reached Salona, we went to Athens to take part in another battle."

I would have remained all night to hear the interesting life and deeds of this martyr of Greece, but the poor old man was too much exhausted, it was almost midnight and I was compelled to retire as the next morning we were to sail. My friend seemed undecided about trusting me with his secret mission, not that he doubted, as he said, my faithfulness, but he thought that I was too young, and in my ardent desire to discover his brother, I should expose not only myself, but many others besides.

"You have conspired," he said to me after a moment of silence, "and as you are yourself a political exile, it is a sufficient proof that you have been faithful to your society. How old were you, my friend, the first time you entered into a secret political plot?"

"I was but eighteen when I conspired against my tyrannical government."

"Bravo! bravo!" he exclaimed with a fierce joy. "You are the very person that may accomplish my intent. When you arrive at Scio, remember to mention the name of my brother and family to no one, because there is a price set upon our heads of twenty thousand *piastre*, and you could be arrested, or banished from the island. Try to find the Church of Saint Spiridione, and to avoid any suspicion among the other Priests, ask about the oldest *Papas*. Tell them that you will confess."

Although I had some little peccadilloes still, I was not much disposed to expose them to the chief Priest; however, to serve my friend I was willing to make a feint of confession in order to preserve my secret mission.

"As I desired," continued Hesperus, "you must see him, and when alone, tell him faithfully of my intention. Here is one thousand crowns," and he handed me the amount in gold—"give it to my brother, to facilitate his escape. As he may doubt that this money comes from me take with you this golden ring and my likeness; should the old Papas tell you that Giorgio and his family are no more, tell him to use this money for the orphans of the martyrs of our revolution. Remember when you arrive at Scio, to inform me of your success, no matter what may be the result."

We separated with tears, and early the next morning I saw from the vessel, the poor old Greek waving his handkerchief, while our steam-frigate was skimming the bright waters of the Bay of Toulon. The memory of that noble exile, the sad history of his life, the glorious achievements undertaken for the independence of his country, all had made a great impression upon my mind. The danger that I might encounter was my least thought; my only object was to accomplish my mission, and to satisfy the desire of an unfortunate exile. Besides, there was with the name of Hesperus a sweet and romantic recollection. A year before, I had been intimate with a beautiful Greek slave, previously mentioned, by the name of Lyda Hesperus. There was also something very peculiar in her history—she knew nothing of her father, but had been told that he had been a General of the Greek revolution, that at the last massacre of the Sciots by the Turks, she was taken prisoner, and sold by a *Jew* to Ali Bey in Egypt. My mind was constantly employed in meditating upon this mysterious event. Should I discover, I ruminated, that Giorgio Hesperus is living, and at the same time Lyda's father, I would try to save her from the Harem, and to restore that beauty of Greece to her own fair and beautiful land.

On the 4th of February we entered the Archipelago, called by the modern Greeks, the Ægean Sea. The passage from the island of Candia to Scio is a continual picture of isles, which are separated by narrow channels, offering the most beautiful and enchanting views which are not to be equalled, as say the children of Attica, in any other part of the world. I did not wonder that the gods and goddesses of the ancient mythology had been placed by the poets in these islands, which seem to rise from the sea as the true homes of love and beauty. As we passed between Tinos and Miconos, whence came all the *blues* of Greece, we could easily converse with the inhabitants, and exchange some lively compliments with the charming daughters of those two isles. The month of February had appeared in Greece with the awakening of Spring, the fields and woods were already arrayed in the common dress of nature, and the people tilling the ground, made those shores resound with harmonious echoes, which were sent back again by the cheerful trill of the little inhabitants of the air. Oh! how happy I was in being once more under the blue sky of Greece, and to hear again that poetical and sweet language. I was like the exile who returns after many years of separation to his native land. I thought that there was nothing more sublime in the garden of Eden than in these two earthly paradises. Looking on Thinos and Miconos, which are separated by a channel, and are like two sisters, who seem holding each others hands, I wished that destiny had sent me there alone and granted me in my solitude an *Eve* like the living ones of these isles. I thought that I would not care for the rest of the world, and would submit to such a fate for the whole of my life.

The next morning we stopped at Syra, and on the day after we sailed again for our destination.—The nearer we approached to that island the greater was my desire of accomplishing my mission. The dawn of the 6th of February had appeared beautiful and serene, the sun rising majestically behind Mount Idas had revealed to our view "the paradise of Scio," turned now by the barbarians of Asia into a scene of ruin and death. We could see from afar the desolate city which lies on the Ægean Sea, like a beautiful widow weeping over the grave of her beloved. At a short distance I could see the ruins of her temples and monuments, which stand yet as a memory of the Grecian revolution, and of the vandalism of the believers of Mahomet. Scio called by the Turks, *Sakiz-Adassi*, one of the largest islands of the Grecian Archipelago, contains three hundred and ninety-two square miles, and produces abundantly silk, fruits, and the famous wine called Chian. The city is situated on the Eastern coast of the island; the harbor is spacious but difficult of access. At nine o'clock in the morning we anchored, and the Captain ordered me to land with dispatches for the French Consul. This looked like a good presage of my future success. Having handed the dispatches, I inquired of some one at the Consulship where was the Church of Saint Spiridione.

In the afternoon I returned to the city and went directly to the temple. That massive edifice resembled a vast tomb, the walls and columns were decked in black—all was silent and dark within, and lonely as the grave itself. Near the altar of the Madonna was a funeral canopy; four oil lamps around the coffin were extinguished. I could but see the white hands and face of the departed one, who was a young woman, and had been the most beautiful work of human nature. While I was feeling her face, as cold as that of a marble statue, and looking with a kind of strange presentiment at her pale and lifeless form, the rays of the setting sun streamed through the windows of the altar, and threw such a sudden and clear light over the body, that I could see and recognize her lovely face. The sun disappeared, and I was left again in darkness near the corpse. I had seen enough to believe, or at least to imagine, that I had been familiar with the person. I thought that it was Lyda Hesperus, the Greek slave, yet I wondered how she could have come to die in her father land? "Impossible!" said I, "I must be deceived by the resemblance; this woman cannot be the unfortunate Lyda, whom I left a year ago in a *seraglio* in Alexandria, in Egypt."

I was startled from this soliloquy by a noise from the end of the Church, and saw an old and venerable *Papas* coming like a spectre slowly toward the altar of the Madonna. The religious man was rather surprised to find a person there at such an hour and so near the corpse.

"May I ask," said he, in a tremulous voice, "what you desire here?"

"I came to inquire after the chief Papas, but seeing no one, I remained near this funeral canopy."

"About me?" he answered, much surprised, "you are a foreigner, what could induce you to call on me? But let us go away, this is a sacred place; we must not profane with indifferent words the holy house of God. Let that blessed one sleep in peace—she has suffered too much in life," and casting a sad look on the dead woman, a tear coursed down his emaciated cheeks! I felt anxious to know something about her history, but the old Papas declined any answer. "She was born in Scio," he replied, "of a noble Grecian family, and has spent her life in slavery and miseries." As the night was falling, and wishing to return early on board, I could not expose at that moment the object of my visit, and departed from him with the assurance of meeting the next day.

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The following day, having obtained from my commander permission to go on shore, I went to the house of the venerable Papas, who was sitting in his library and holding a large Bible in the Greek language, he marked a verse to serve as text to his sermon for the next Sunday. The old father received me with kind manners; he asked if my mission was secret and important, and when assured in the affirmative, he ordered out his aged servant, locked the door, and examined carefully if we were alone. Having performed this scrupulous inspection he approached me, and with an imposing and solemn voice invited me to expose my secret affair, but wished first I should take an oath on his Bible, that I should never communicate to any one what transpired between us. This done, I asked the *Papas* if he ever heard of the Hesperus family.

"Yes," said he, "I knew these men. Unhappy Greece remembers their glorious names, as young Columbia is proud of her Washington, Jefferson and Franklin. Although a minister of God, I fought bravely in their ranks, and my decaying body is covered with many honorable wounds. But tell me," continued the priest, in a more animated tone, "how you, a stranger, ask me this unexpected question. It may be that you have read of the Hesperus family in the modern history of our country as the best leaders of the revolution for the independence of Greece. But are you aware that for speaking of them in our days and under the Turkish Government, there is a penalty of several years imprisonment?"

"I know all the dangers which hang over my head for mixing myself with the noble martyrs of Greece; but, my venerable father, I have promised to fulfil to the last a sacred mission and I care not for penalties or troubles. I have not only read in your history concerning the Hesperus, but I am personally acquainted and on friendly terms with one of this glorious family. Look at this ring and portrait."

The Papas took the precious gifts from my hands, examined both carefully, and soon discovered in the picture the likeness of his revolutionary chief, and in the ring the emblems and motto of their secret society. He looked at me motionless for awhile, rising then from his seat he pressed me to his anguished and patriotic heart, and putting his hands over my head, cast a joyful look to the blue sky of Heaven, and called the blessing of God upon me and on all my friends. He kissed those objects so dear to his soul, and was so much overcome by this surprising adventure, that he could not find words to thank me for my hazardous undertaking.

"Where is Kitras Hesperus?" inquired the Papas, "is he in Greece?"

"No, father, I left him at Toulon, in France, and here I have a letter for you with one thousand crowns."

The Papas read and re-read that writing; he said that he would employ that money as prescribed by his friend and to my great surprise I learned from the religious man, that Giorgio Hesperus was yet living and inhabited a solitary cavern six miles from Scio! As night was coming down, and the daughter of the sun had already appeared cloudless and brilliant over the starry sky, I wished to take leave of my friend, but being informed that I could remain on shore for that night, he offered me rest under his humble roof. I accepted the kind hospitality. The old servant invited us both to supper and during this simple repast I begged the Papas to give me some explanation relative to the dead young person I had found the day previous in Saint Spiridione's Church. I narrated to him faithfully my love adventures in Alexandria, in Egypt, in 184–, and begged him to inform me if the lifeless beauty was my fair Lyda, as the resemblance to her was so striking and perfect. My history affected the Papas more than I expected. My youth my ardent desire to be useful to a family of political martyrs, my adventures and wandering life in exile, all formed a subject of great interest for this good minister of God. He seriously believed that I had been designed by Providence as a useful instrument not only to the Hesperus's, but to many other great families besides.

"The dead person, that perfect image of a Madonna of Raphael, whom you loved so much in life, and sorrowfully contemplated on her funeral canopy, that spiritless beauty," said the Papas, "is your Lyda Hesperus, the same Greek slave you loved and left in a Turkish seraglio." Since my departure from Alexandria, in Egypt, Lyda had succeeded in escaping from the harem and after the most dangerous perils, reached the land of her forefathers and died in the house of the old Papas.—Desirous to pay to my beloved Lyda my last duties, and to weep over the grave of this unfortunate daughter of Greece, I inquired of my friend where was her resting place.

"She sleeps in the vault of her ancestors, where lie so many heroes of the Hesperus family. She was buried last night in Saint Spiridione's Church; and although it is not customary among us nor proper to disturb the peace of our beloved dead, I shall satisfy your desire and take you to the Hesperus's tomb. Hold this lantern and follow me down into the temple. The Church was dark and silent as a grave, and the Papas and myself, in that vast solitude, looked more like spectres than human beings. The Papas invited me to kneel before a crucifix, and began a prayer, the most solemn I ever heard; his harmonious voice echoed in that massive monument like the trumpet of an angel, awakening the dead from their long rest. He opened a door under the altar of the Virgin Mary and we descended to the grave. There the dead are placed in niches like the monks in Italy, having outside a writing, which is the absolution of the Church for their past sins and with the name of the family, and the date of their death. I discovered at once the funeral bed of my Lyda, and removing the black cloth which covered her coffin, I admired with tears her lifeless form, nor could I easily decide to leave her again. I placed a white rose on her icy bosom, I approached my lips to her senseless face and after having replaced the covering of the coffin, we ascended into the Church, not, however, before we had prayed for her soul. The night I passed with my good Papas is one of the most remarkable moments of my life.

Three days had passed since my interview with the Papas, when I received a note to meet him the next night at the Greeks's Cemetery, out of Scio. I went at the appointed place, and the true missionary of God guided me to the solitary cavern where lived Giorgio Hesperus. It was a beautiful night, such a night only as is to be seen under the blue sky of Greece, Italy and Switzerland; we marched alone among a hundred ruins of demolished temples and orient monuments which, spared for many centuries by the injuries of time, had fallen under the iron and fire of the barbarians of Mahomet. We had walked for an hour mute and sad, when we discovered from afar a small light, which served for a guide to the living sepulchre of one of the noblest martyrs of Greece. We arrived at the secret entrance, the Papas gave three knocks and the door was soon opened under our feet.

After the pass word, the Papas descended, and soon called me down. I stepped in that sanctuary of heroism with a kind of religious feeling. I looked around that sacred room, not built by the hands of man, but by nature itself—as if to serve for a sure and secret shelter to a martyr of freedom. On a small bed lay an old, venerable man, with snowy hair, and although he bore on his face the stamp of a long series of sufferings, yet his appearance was full of dignity and of expression and beaming of the soldier. He cast an ardent look on me, kissed me on my forehead, blessed me, and burst into tears like a child. Two beautiful "daughters of Scio" were kneeling near their father, the cave was covered all around with arms, trophies, and even with human bones of the brave, who fell for the Independence of Greece. I was almost overcome at such a scene, nor did I dare to say a word. The old Giorgio Hesperus said that I had saved his life and that of his daughters, as with the money brought to him he could escape from his long imprisonment, and end his life in Athens, under the free flag of his country. He had become acquainted with my adventures with his daughter Lyda, and offered me one of his beautiful daughters then living as my legitimate wife. He invited me to follow his family, and to unite my destiny with their fate. The daughters, one after the other, gave me a sweet kiss on my lips, they dressed and perfumed my hair with odorous aromatics, and offered me a cup of milk, as a symbol of virtue and faithfulness. I promised the family to meet them in Athens, and returned on board my ship. Early in the morning we sailed unexpectedly for Constantinople, and I had no time to give my last adieu to the Papas and to receive his paternal blessing. We had passed two months in the Ægean and Marmora Seas when at Smyrna I was seized with a dangerous illness and carried to the French Naval Hospital. I was treated in a better manner than the common sailors, and I shall always be thankful to an American missionary, the Rev Mr. Temple, of Boston, and Mrs. B., for their frequent visits, kind and Christian advice, and for all the interest they professed for me. Having recovered from my illness, and on the eve of leaving Smyrna, I received a letter from Dira Hesperus, (one of the daughters,) giving me the joyful news that they had succeeded in escaping from Scio, and were living in Athens. My plan was soon laid to run away, and to become the husband of the fair Dira and a citizen of modern Greece. But it was otherwise decreed when we arrived at Pereum; instead of sailing for Greece we went to Malta, and upon arriving in France, I was sent to Algiers to serve in the African army.

Our Portrait Gallery.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Interesting Sketch.

A DAY WITH MARIA EDGEWORTH

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

A late English steamer brought us the melancholy news of the death of Maria Edgeworth. There are few persons to whom the present generation of men and women owe so large a debt of gratitude for pleasant reading as to her. The writer is not sure whether "Harry and Lucy" and "Simple Susan" continue to be favorites with children. Perhaps their place has been supplied by something more "*improving*." "Belinda," also, and "Patronage," and "Castle Rackrent," and "Helen," may not be sought for as of old at the circulating libraries. More highly spiced productions, probably, cause them to seem insipid to "Young America." There must be some readers, however, to whom the mere mention of these books still awakens agreeable recollections, and who have found nothing in more modern fiction exactly to supply their places. Such persons, the writer ventures to think, will be interested in the description of a visit he had the privilege of paying several years since at Edgeworthtown-House. He trusts that he shall be acquitted of any impropriety in publishing the details of that visit. Common usage has sanctioned similar statements in the case of other distinguished authors, and in regard to Miss Edgeworth, if the writer can convey to the public a tithe of that deep respect for her character which the interviews to be narrated produced in his own mind, he knows that he shall be pardoned for the liberty he is taking. It was early in the morning of a July day, in the year 1836, (the reader will allow me to use the first person singular,) when I left Dublin for Edgeworthtown, which latter place lies fifty-three Irish miles distant from the other in a North-Westerly direction. On leaving the city we passed the fine buildings erected for the Law Courts, the Barracks, the Military Hospital, and Phœnix Park. We saw at a distance the spire of the Mad House in which Swift spent some of the latter and most melancholy days of his life. Our road led us through Maynooth, where the large Roman Catholic College is situated, and Mullingar. There was little, however, to interest me on the way, excepting the beggars who surrounded the coach at every stopping-place, and were most importunate in their demands,—whining, blessing, flattering, praying and groaning in melancholy chorus. The sight was a distressing one, and only rendered tolerable by the reflection that this was made a matter of business with many of the poor creatures, and much of the grief and affliction was put on for the occasion.

I reached the Inn at Edgeworthtown at half-past two in the afternoon, and immediately sent a package with which I had been charged, together with a letter of introduction and my card to the authoress. Shortly afterwards the servant returned, bearing Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth's compliments, and an invitation to visit them. I walked forthwith to the house, which was at no great distance from the Inn. I entered the grounds by the gate at the Porter's Lodge, and followed a broad gravelled drive, which wound through a beautiful lawn adorned by clumps of elms. This brought me to the great hall door of the mansion, which was square in shape, large and commodious, and painted of a yellowish color. It was partly surrounded by flower-gardens, and had on one side verandahs and trellis work, covered with clustering roses. A servant received me at the entrance, and passing through the hall, which was ornamented with family portraits and specimens of natural history, ushered me into the Library, where a number of ladies were sitting, engaged in writing and sewing. One of them rose and accosted me, and I recognized Miss Edgeworth at once from descriptions of her which I had already received. She was a very short and spare person, and appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, although she must have been at that time not less than seventy. Her face had no very striking features. It expressed, however, in a marked degree, good sense and benevolence. If there was any thing peculiar in her physiognomy, it was the space between the eyes, which was very broad and flat. The forehead, also, was broad, while the lower part of the face, about the mouth and chin, was quite narrow. Her eyes were small, and of a color between a grey and hazel. They assumed a very pleasant expression when she smiled and half closed them. Her nose was nearly straight, and mouth small and slightly compressed. She wore a slate-colored gown, and a plain cap with brown hair, (a frizette, I thought,) in small curls around her forehead. If her appearance was ordinary, her voice and manner were exceedingly kind and engaging. She presented me to the widow of her father, a lady of much dignity of address, and who preserved a great deal of bloom, although her hair was quite grey. Another elderly lady and two younger women, were in the room, who I afterwards learned were relatives of the family. The apartment was large and well-lighted, and combined all the conveniences of a library and the elegancies of a lady's parlor. There was a range of square pillars at the sides, where a partition had apparently been taken down. In the recesses thus formed, and elsewhere beside the walls, well filled book-cases extended half-way to the ceiling, the spaces above being occupied by oil paintings and engravings. Among them were likenesses of Ricardo, the political economist, Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Lord Longford and Napoleon. Tables covered with books, writing materials, needle-work, and baskets of flowers stood in different parts of the room, and about the grate, in which a fire of peat was burning, large, easy-looking chairs were disposed. Every thing wore an air of comfort and refined taste, and it was at once to be seen that the usual occupants of that apartment devoted themselves to pursuits both rational and delightful. Here it was, as Miss Edgeworth afterwards told me, that all her books were written. She worked there, she said, surrounded by the different members of her family, often reading to them what she had just before composed, and receiving their corrections and suggestions. And, indeed, it was the very place in which one might suppose those elegant conversations, so full of wit and common sense, which abound in her novels, had been conceived. That cheerful library-parlor seemed to be the home of all domestic virtues and graces. Nobody who lived in it could be dull, or ungenial, or unhappy.

After luncheon, which was served in the dining-room, a most interesting conversation took place. Miss Edgeworth talked a great deal, and all that she said was full of practical good sense and kindness of heart. The topics, at first, in compliment to her guest, related principally to America. Upon these subjects, particularly those connected with government and literature, she showed accurate information and liberal opinions. She appeared to be familiar with our best authors, and to have a proper appreciation of their merits, making discriminating remarks, I remember, respecting Irving, Willis and Hoffman. We spoke of Indian words and their pronunciation, and she seemed pleased to be informed how Michigan, Hobomok, and other names, were pronounced. This led to the general subject of the Indians and their wrongs, in connexion with which she read with much feeling a few lines from Mrs. Sigourney, whose name she accented improperly.

It happened that I had shortly before visited Abbotsford. When this was alluded to, she spoke in the most affectionate manner of Sir Walter Scott, who had died a few years previous, always calling him her "dear Sir Walter." She described a tour to the Lakes of Killarney, upon which she had accompanied him and his family. When that interesting apartment at Abbotsford was mentioned, in which the personal relics of the poet—his hat, and stick, and clothes,—are preserved, the tears came to her eyes. It was evident that she was a person of the most hearty good feelings, and overflowing with love to her friends. The conversation continued upon these and other subjects until late in the afternoon, when I rose to return to the Inn, upon which I was kindly asked to remain and dine, and take a bed at the house. My luggage was forthwith removed thither, and I found myself in the possession of a most comfortable apartment, in which, besides the usual furniture of a bed-room, were several easy sofas, screens, and curious old mirrors.

At dinner my seat was next to Miss Edgeworth, who talked all the time in the most agreeable way. What she said was marked as before with the strongest practical good sense, and the most cheerful and liberal views of mankind and the world.—She showed also an accurate knowledge of many subjects which are usually considered to be beyond the reach of female study. Much of it was of an interrogative character, and required of me considerable self-possession and activity. I was quite well satisfied if I could answer her rapid questions with tolerable correctness. There are persons who possess the power of extracting from you all you know upon any subject—who arrive at once at the pith of your replies. She was one of these. If she agreed with any opinion expressed, she carried it out and illustrated it. If she dissented, she stated her objections with such clearness and force, that I should not have desired to argue with her afterwards, unless her winning kindness of manner had always given me courage to express my views with the greatest frankness. I can only hope to give a bare and meagre outline of this conversation—indeed, hardly more than an enumeration of some of the topics discussed. But even this may not be without interest, although it will afford no idea whatever of the extensive information, the warm-hearted generosity, and the vigorous and well-chosen language of the distinguished authoress.

She said she had never known Hannah More, and much regretted she had not. She had seen Mrs. Siddons act, but it was in the latter part of that lady's life, when her physical powers were on the decline. She spoke of the performance of Queen Catherine at this period as extremely interesting, the part requiring an exhibition of mental affliction a little blunted by bodily pain, which Mrs. Siddon's want of health enabled her to give with much effect. She had known Sir James Mackintosh well, and described his conversation as being of the most superior character. He knew the best that had ever been said or written upon any subject. His memory both retentive and recollective, was wonderful, and his modesty equally remarkable. She wished he had not known so much of other people that she might have known more of Sir James. She had been well acquainted with Watt, the improver of the Steam Engine. The statue of him by Chantrey, with its deeply wrinkled brow and expression of strong fixed meditation, was spoken of as the personification of Abstraction. "Yes" said she, "of Mathematics." In this connexion the wonders effected by steam in America were alluded to, and she gave to Mr. Fulton the credit of having first applied it to navigation.

She showed to me in the dining-room a portrait of her father, for whose memory she seemed to cherish the deepest veneration. When inquiry was made concerning his well-known talent for mechanics, she pointed to the clock, which she said was of his workmanship, and stated that the tower of the village church was raised from the ground by a contrivance of his, and put in its place in ten or fifteen minutes.

After dinner we went out upon the verandah, and then for the first time I ventured to speak particularly of her own books. She seemed to be gratified with the account of the warm reception "Helen" had met in America. I asked about "Taking for Granted," a new novel, which the papers about that time promised from her pen. She said this report had been spread, she presumed, by a friend, who had seen a little of the manuscript with that title. It was, however, unfinished and she did not know when it would be completed. I spoke of how much we were led to expect from its name, and when upon being requested to state my conception of its meaning, I answered that it was probably intended to show the dangers of precipitancy in judgment and opinion, she appeared to be pleased, and said that was her meaning exactly, and requested if any instances illustrative of this occurred to me, that I would mention them, as she often derived much profit from such suggestions from her friends. We afterwards went into the Hall, where she pointed out the portrait of her father's uncle, the Abbe Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. upon the scaffold. "This," she said, "was something for the family to be proud of." Here also was a picture of her great-grandfather, in his legal robes, and one of an ancestor of hers, a Lady Edgeworth, which represents her in the act of making the sign of the cross, the same which saved Cranallagh Castle from the fury of a mob, as related in the memoirs of Richard Lovel Edgeworth.

When we returned to the Library lights were brought in, and the ladies commenced working. Miss Edgeworth being engaged upon a muslin cape, which sort of occupation, they said, she followed so much that people were surprised she found any time for writing. Tea was afterwards served, and a pleasant conversation maintained until bed-time. Everything went on in an easy and quiet manner, so indicative of refinement and true politeness. Among all the members of this family the greatest harmony and affection seemed to exist, and I frequently observed little acts and words which, although unimportant in themselves, showed the constant influence of these delightful qualities.

I was down in the Library the next morning at nine o'clock. Soon afterwards Miss Edgeworth came in from the garden with a large straw bonnet on her head, and holding in her hands a basket filled with flowers which she had just gathered. They were wet with the rain, and having engaged me to spread them out upon the floor, she retired to prepare for breakfast. In a little while we were all assembled at the meal, at which conversation flowed on in the same easy and unrestrained way as before. It turned at first upon Prison Reform, and she seemed to have an accurate knowledge of what had been effected in America in this department. Negro slavery was then mentioned, and upon this question she appeared to have more enlightened and just views than the English in general. Afterwards the subject of her own works was again introduced and in answer to an inquiry if many of the characters and circumstances narrated were real? she said, she did not remember ever to have drawn a character which was taken entirely from life. Some incidents she had borrowed from true history. She mentioned the relater of the story in "Castle Rackrent" as very much resembling an old steward of the family. Churchill in "Helen," she said, was made up from several fashionable *diners out*, whom she had met in London. Some of the incidents in the "Contrast," one of the "Popular Tales," were real. The shutting up of the wife in "Castle Rackrent" was also done by an officer who resided some time ago in the neighborhood. The story of the will, which forms one of the most interesting portions of "Patronage," was real, and occurred in the memoirs of the Edgeworth family, as they had been written out by her great-grandfather. Lady Davenant was an imaginary personage. Being interrupted here by an expression of great admiration for that character, she seemed pleased, and intimated that she felt more pride in the delineation of it than in any she had ever drawn. "Simple Susan," she said, Sir Walter pronounced the most pathetic of her tales, and one which drew tears from him. In comparing domestic life in England with that in America, she expressed the idea that it must be much the same thing in both countries, and in this connexion spoke of the rapid advancement of America in many departments, and instanced the art of engraving. The plates of our Annuals she said, were infinitely superior to the coarse prints of the Gentleman's Magazine, which in their day were so highly prized. She also spoke of our reviews—which she always read—the North American and American Quarterly, which latter was then in existence. She preferred them as *reviews* to the English publications, although their essays might be inferior. She said they gave her better notions of a book, and directed her what to read and what to omit reading, more judiciously than the Edinburgh and Quarterly. Something being said of the political bigotry of the English periodicals, and their mercenary devotion to the interests of publishers and booksellers, she remarked she had heard of this latter charge, but from her own experience knew nothing. She sent her books to Mr. Bentley, and with the reviewing of them she had no connexion.

After breakfast we walked in the hall and looked again at the family portraits. We examined that of the Lady making the Sign of the Cross, and also one of another Lady Edgeworth, who, although she was afraid of ghosts and fairies, had sufficient presence of mind to take a lighted candle gently with her hands from a barrel of gunpowder, into which it had been stuck by mistake during an attack upon her castle. Both these circumstances had been mentioned in the life of Richard Edgeworth, and doubted in the Reviews by ill-natured scribblers.—To confirm the truth of the statement, his daughter brought out for me to read an old volume of manuscript, in her great-grandfather's own hand, in which these stories, with that of the will before-mentioned, and many other curious facts, were narrated.—Besides the family portraits, there was one of Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." There were also in the hall specimens of birds and insects from America, carefully preserved; a bead chain from a mummy's neck, a box with a picture of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh upon it, made from the wood of the door of that prison, and several other curiosities.

The time now approached for me to take leave, when Miss Edgeworth voluntarily offered to give me letters to some friends of hers in England. Before sealing them she handed them to me to read, and most gratefully do I recollect the kind manner in which she had written of myself, and of America. Perhaps no better proof can be offered of the warm friendliness of her disposition than this unexpected courtesy to a young man but recently from college, who could contribute nothing to her intellectual gratification, and whose chief claim upon her regard was the introduction he had brought from a valued friend, and his own most sincere respect and admiration for her character and writings.

The coach was to start for Dublin at two o'clock, and shortly before that hour I left Edgeworthtown-House, most deeply impressed with the quiet good sense, the extensive information, the liberal views, the warm heart, and the unaffected manners of her who was its chief ornament, and whose presence now, alas! no longer distinguishes it above all the hospitable Homes of Ireland. W. H.

A Thrilling Scene.

A STORM AND PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

A recent number of the "Inquirer" contains the following letter from "a distinguished gentleman of Virginia" (supposed to be the Hon. Henry A. Wise) to his wife, now on a visit to this city. The Inquirer says:—"Although dashed off with the utmost rapidity, and intended merely for the eye of affection, it is minute and glowing in an eminent degree. The occurrences narrated are full of interest, and mark in the most impressive manner, the wondrous ways of Providence. The letter was not intended for publication, and although its gifted author may feel surprise, as well as regret, at seeing it in print, yet we trust he will overlook any apparent indelicacy, as the sketch embodies not only incidents of a novel and startling character, but truly Christian sentiments and a salutary moral."

ONLEY, E. S. Va., July 15th, 1849.

My Dear Wife: We are, without hesitation of belief, the objects of God's tender mercies. You must not tremble, except with love and adoration of Providence, when I tell you of the incidents of the last two days, which have nearly overwhelmed me with calamity, and at the same instant grateful surprise at the most wonderful escapes of myself and our dear children. Saturday last—this is Monday night, when I begin to breathe free—was a very hot day—a burning, blistering heat, which I was out in, to see that my field hands finished their harvesting, and stacked my grain properly, and in time for Sabbath. They did their work quickly and well, finishing by the middle of the day—the weather fair and glowing with sun light, and I, feeling in good health and spirits, told the men they might have the half of the day, and any of them who chose, might go along with me to fish in the bay. They were very cheerful and grateful, and I was rather bent on finding a cool breeze down the creek, than expecting much sport with my line. Two of them, old Jesse, (Darkey's husband) and George, said they would like to go with me, and I gave permission; also to my son Henry, and nephew, little Henry, to go along. The two large boats were both up in the yard, under the oaks, awaiting repairs and painting. Mr. Bull was gone to assist his brother in harvesting, and John's Jim was at his carpenter's work on your arbor, under the oaks. By the merest accident I passed his bench, thought of his claim to a little rest from labor, and asked him if he would like to go with me, and he gladly consenting, I ordered him to prepare the only canoe afloat—the one we call the old Constitution, the one of third size rate—and to get his line. With every thing ready, and a light westwardly breeze we set sail for the mouth of Occomock. We had to beat all the way down, and the wind was so light, two of the men had to row half the time. About four, P. M., we reached anchorage for fishing, and put our lines about half a mile from the bar of the creek, and midway from side to side, say a mile from land.—Scarcely had we baited our hooks, when we noticed a cloud in the West. In ten minutes, a Mr. Killman, in a small, sharp canoe, near by, with a small child on board, said to me that I was in a staunch boat, well manned, but he was afraid to risk the threatening storm in his craft, and he put off for the shore. In speaking distance, he hailed, and exclaimed—"Look there!" I turned to the Westward, and saw what I had often wished to see, and wish never to see again—a water-spout. One, another, a third rose some two hundred feet high, in quick succession, some five miles distant, rapidly whirling a moment, and then dashing off like race horses to the Southward, at right angles to the wind, still from the West. This raised my apprehension, and I ordered the anchor raised and lines wound up immediately. The foremast had been left standing—the sail was unfurled, and we started. In fifty yards the wind overtook us—we dared not steer for the nearest land—our course was inevitably before the blast Eastward; the nearest shore was about three miles off in that direction. I placed Jim (John's) at the helm—he proved calm and brave and steady—the sail could not be taken in, the boat could not stand under it, we were all of a smother, the children were unconscious of danger, and Jesse and George were dumb-founded; the crisis fell on Jim and me, the water was raised by the wind horizontally, and was driven to sting like shot; the boat ran under, spouting water from gunwale on one side *over the other side, as God would have it!* Such was actually the pressure, that it would not all come inside, or she would have filled immediately; the sheet rope broke, and that proved to be our safety. Jim gave the helm up to me, and ran forward to unship the mast; this he could not do, and it took all my strength to keep the boat from broaching to; fortunately we reached the shore, sprang out, and the mast and sail with us, some fifteen or twenty feet—wet, but safe—to feel about the strongest wind, then, that I ever felt in my life. We went up to the house of a Mr. Taylor, and dried ourselves until the storm subsided: when we took our gallant little craft again, spread both sails for home, and got just past Mr. Oliver's, when I saw my Jim in a limping gait along shore. Steered for him, and asked what was the matter? It was his evening to go and see his wife, and he had gone, I thought, before I saw him. He sat down and said nothing. I asked him again, sharply, what he was doing there. He rose and seemed bewildered, but shortly said, incoherently: "Sir, I was spying after you, I am struck, your house is torn to pieces—I never expected to see you again!" I turned to the shore, jumped out, and hurried home. Here was displayed the power and the providence of God! You had been sent from the danger. He had sent me from real to apparent danger to be safe; He had *saved our poor children and our servants, wrapped and encircled all around by the lightning's wrath!!* Oh! how past all understanding are God's ways towards the children of men! How unworthy I am to be His meanest creature! Annie was standing at your dressing table in our chamber, Richard and Nene were in the nursery room, Richard on the floor, Nene in her little chair between Annie and her cot. Jim was at the west garret window. Charlotte (the cook) was in the cook room. The fluid passed down the rod, leaving the house untouched, until it came to the iron bolt, which held it to the plate of the second story, or middle plate between the eves of the house and the basement. There it entered the plate and weather boarding, shivering them to pieces—entered the nursery room at the edge of the chimney, scorched the floor on top, and bursted it up from below through a hole, which splintered in a few inches from Nene's chair—evidently was attracted to the little iron cot—passed off at the south-west foot of it again into the plate above the floor on the south side of the house—followed the plate straight over the portico the whole length of the south side of the house, and thence, at the south-east corner, bounded off, descending to the corner where the colonade joins the kitchen, melting the heads of nails and scorching and sending as it went. Jim was badly shocked, scorched and blistered in the left foot—not a sign of other effect in the room where he was—Nene was shocked slightly and so was Annie—not a thing broken in the house except one vessel and my spit-box in the office room of the basement—the very varnish uninjured of your dressing table, where Annie was, and the feet of which touched the very track of the lightning. I thanked God! my household, if not my house, was safe. The thing was to look after the brick work and house-frame, to see if it was in danger of toppling. Night was coming fast, and I sent for carpenters immediately. With the aid of Mr. Oliver and Johnny's Jim, I was assured of safety for the time, but a cloud was still in the West, and the two large chambers and the two parlor rooms were wrecks. I moved the children down into my office, and had my bed put into the breakfast room. I feared fire would burst out somewhere in the house during the night, and was walking sentry for hours on the two torn sides of the house, when the servant called me to see the last of my affectionate dog Boxer. As the children were lying down on their lodges in the office, they smelt something burnt. They searched for the fire—moved the sofa—the three divided sofa in the south west corner, and there my poor dog lay, stiff dead, and scorched from under his left eye, broad as your two fingers, between his forelegs, down his left side to his tail, and swollen very large. God had stricken my dog and spared my children! We traced the fluid past where he lay, along the wash-board, behind one case of shelves for my books on the south side—and there lost it—but where could you imagine we found it to have escaped? Full seventy-five feet through the dining room—the colonade, which old Charlotte described as one sheet of fire—*out at the brick step* from the cook kitchen door to the well—knocking away a half of a brick, and escaping through an aperture like a bullet hole! Old Charlotte was shocked in her hands and arms; Annie complained of her head; Nene of her breast; Jim was not himself until the next morning; Richard kept telling me that it went between his legs. He, like he always is, was right—behold! when we came to undress him for bed, his pantaloons were badly scorched all in front, and broad as your three fingers below the left knee. Annie and he behaved exceedingly well, like grown people of good sense and nerve. He gave me the most intelligent account of every thing, taking me by the hand and making me heed him—not hurriedly nor flustered, but solemn and dignified as wisdom and fortitude would make one older in years. Nene was and is still like a poor little bird, which has flown against the window in the storm. Annie was a woman and behaved like one—did more than could have been expected of her until I came, and finding then a bosom to throw the burthen of trouble upon, she gave way to tears and trembling. Poor things! they are happy now. We found the house not so badly injured as was supposed.

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THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AT SEA.—It is stated in a recent work upon Russia, that the Emperor, on visiting the ship-of-the-line "Russia," while on the stocks, thought there was not sufficient room to walk about, and accordingly commanded the space to be enlarged, even enforcing his opinion against competent judges. In consequence, this vessel is the worst sailer in the Russian navy, and is very seldom employed. When he takes it into his head to command the movements of a ship, which he does almost every time he goes to sea, the captain of the vessel takes care to keep behind him, in order, by counter signals, to prevent the execution of his Majesty's orders, which would inevitably lead to the loss of the ship and its august passenger.

Interesting Article.

THE MYSTERY OF FRANCE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

France is a mystery to everybody: no one can tell what to make of its odd ways, or what it will by and by come to. Its people are a puzzle to the world—a terror to their neighbors. All Europe waits to see what they will do next. I have been in France some half-dozen times, and have just returned from it after a more than usually lengthened residence, during which, with nothing else to do, I mingled with native society of different grades. On this, as on former occasions, I experienced not a little perplexity. You see a fine country, rich in natural resources; beautiful towns and cities; art realising its highest aspirations; boundless ingenuity and taste; and, generally speaking, an active, obliging, and industrious people. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the French are given to idleness. Among the classes enjoying a competence there is an excess of leisurely recreation.—But take the mass of the people. The rural population are everlastingly toiling in their fields, and making the most of their small possessions; and the consequence is, that the lands are for the most part kept as clear of weeds and as tidy as a garden. And so also in the towns: you see much constant and humble application, particularly among the women. We talk of the privations of shopmen and shopwomen. Go to Paris! Opposite my lodgings in the Boulevards des Italiens were several shops, in which, from eight in the morning till ten at night, a number of men and girls ministered daily without intermission—no Sabbath for these poor creatures! Every Sunday morning off came the shutters as usual, the windows were wiped and decorated as usual, and business went on as usual, as if such a thing as the Day of Rest had never been heard of. This is France: incessant toil; occasionally a fete, when souls in bondage are let loose; but no repose—no time for thought—probably no thought, if it were time for it.

An Englishman of ordinary ideas sees that the French have lost two things—religion and loyalty: the sense of God's presence in the world, and the sentiment of veneration for human authority. It may be, doubtless is, a passing phase of a great people, to be succeeded in time by a better. But yet the English must admit that the alleged vacuum in the national feelings does not wholly account for the mystery, for the French, while wanting what Britons think so essential, exhibit some social and moral features in which we do not approach them. Accustomed to the spectacle of refined usages and objects of taste, they possess a remarkable love of what is neat and tasteful. At no time do you observe sluttish dirtiness, rags, and brawling misery, such as the eye and ear encounter in the meaner quarters of our large Scottish towns; nowhere are seen disorderly females, unwashed and unkempt, such as may be noticed at all hours of the day in Glasgow. Annually, in sober and constitutional Edinburgh, some hundreds of beings are carried to the police-office drunk on a barrow—such sights attracting no special observation, as if a keen sense of decency were wanting amongst us. Can any one say the same thing of a French city? On the 6th of May, I walked the streets of Paris from morning till night. Along the chief thoroughfares, towards the scene of festivity, crowds of people from the eastern faubourgs streamed in a ceaseless flood; and finally, at a late hour, all returned peacefully homewards: it was a grand sight, that stream of well-dressed people; it was civilisation of a high order. For all that day there was not heard a high or coarse word, nor was there seen any jostling or act of rudeness. "The French," said I, "know how to behave; they can be happy without being disorderly." I write this in Edinburgh on the Queen's Birthday: it is a day of general rejoicing—that is to say, the bells are ringing, and there is a good deal of hard drinking. Some lads for the last two hours have been amusing themselves next street kicking about an old tin kettle; and at this moment, vomited from a public-house, two tipsy men are fighting under my window. Is this civilization, or what?

It is tolerably clear that the people who can endure favorably comparisons of this kind, if not in all respects estimable, are deserving of a greater share of admiration than is usually accorded them. Vices and crimes abound in Paris, and are perhaps of the darkest shade; but the people are, in the main, orderly, decorous, and well-disposed. The very dregs of the community, when in open insurrection, do not steal—in arms for a political cause, they would scorn to be thieves. Let this fact be compared with the conduct of the band of insurgents who for an hour plundered the shops of Glasgow. Nor do we find, even among the better classes of French society, anything like that far-sighted cunning which has lately come out so strong in the English character. Their Mississippi Scheme—the invention of a Scotsman—may well balance our South Sea bubble; but the entrepreneurs of the Parisian gambling-houses have been outdone in swindling by English railway speculators. On these various accounts the French cannot, without prejudice, be spoken of contemptuously. With all their faults, they are a great people. It is because they are great, and can make themselves respected, that we feel so much interested in getting at the bottom of that mysterious unsettledness which affects their public career. In a people who can be so assiduously industrious, and do such marvellous things in art, science, and literature, we might naturally expect the ability for constructing a government on a solid basis; but from all experience, it is evident that this is precisely the one thing they cannot do.

A defect so remarkable in the character of a nation might very properly engage a degree of philosophical inquiry beyond the scope of these limited pages. In a glance merely at the subject, however, it could probably be shown that the recent and prospective misfortunes of the country are due to causes which lie on the very surface of history. It is fashionable to trace national idiosyncrasies to the effects of race. Essentially Celtic, the giddy impulsiveness of the French character is ascribed to something in the physical constitution. It might be improper to meet this species of allegation with a point-blank denial, though it is very evident that the pure descendants of French families in England are in no way distinguishable in regard to solidity of understanding from the oldest inhabitants of the country. Without venturing further into this delicate matter, I am inclined to impute the whole—or very nearly the whole—of the French incapacity for government to the plainly obvious reason, that they have never been taught. 'Tis education makes the man—not meaning by that merely school learning, but the rearing up of habits, through the daily influence of example, from generation to generation. When the Englishman sits down comfortably at his fireside, and congratulates himself on the steady working of the institutions which shelter his life, his liberties, and his property, he is, I fear, not sufficiently cognizant of the fact how all this was brought about. On comparing the course of events in English and French history, the source of our security and French insecurity is revealed. From the most remote times, self-government of some sort has been habitual to the Anglo Saxon race. From the forests of Germany, they brought with them the practice of wardmotes and juries. This was but the A B C of their learning. Substantially, they owe their training in constitutional forms to their Kings.—Municipal privileges—that is, powers of local self-government by delegation—were communicated by the sovereign to bodies of traders in towns, as a make-weight against the encroachments of the Barons; and it was this alliance of the people with their Kings that is the fine feature alike in English and Scottish history. In France, on the contrary, the Kings and the Barons united to oppress the people, and keep them in a state of tutelage; even the Church, usually favorable to popular claims, was in France, up till the period when repentance was too late, an arrogant, overbearing corporation. It is trite to remind the reader, that when the Revolution of 1789 broke out in France, all power whatsoever was in the hands of the crown, the nobility, and the clergy. The privileged orders, as they were called, ruled everything, but contributed nothing. The people, viewed as objects of taxation, alone furnished means to carry on the operations of government. The slightest concession of the nobility and clergy to pay a trifle towards the disembarrassing of the finances, would have averted the Revolution. We all know what the privileged orders would have afterwards given to recall their fatal opposition. Have they not been punished?

Everybody likewise knows how the French people, suddenly and unpreparedly admitted to self-management, have gone on blunderingly till the present moment. Had Bonaparte been in all things an enlightened despot, he possessed the means, as he had the opportunity, of conferring charters of self-government on communities sufficiently enlightened to have merited the privilege. So far, however, from doing so, he strengthened and perfected the principle of centralized government—put the whole nation under the supervision and control of the Executive in Paris. No doubt it was an important object with the early revolutionary authorities, to unite the hitherto disjointed provinces and towns in the new and uniform departmental system; and yet in this by no means discreditably executed arrangement, they only perpetuated the elements of social disorder. The people still remained pretty much in their ancient state of tutelage, were not taught to depend exclusively on themselves for local government; did not so much as learn how to meet, consult, and petition for a redress of general grievances. The successors of Napoleon continued the same deadening policy. Guizot, with all his philosophy, did nothing to temper or elevate the spirit of a democracy against which he is now pleased to declaim. He found the French people children in the art of constitutional government, and he left them so.

The pernicious principle which enables a minister in Paris—no matter how installed—to command the whole nation by telegraph, is aggravated by the pauperism, which has grown into a habit, under the process of property distribution. Abstractly, the law of equal inheritance may be just, but in France it has undeniably the effect of disposing the vast body of peasant proprietors to take no deep interest in dynastic convulsions. What care they about "rallying round the throne?" One throne to them is as good as another: their fields yield their produce as plenteously under a Republic as a Monarchy. Only when the screw of taxation receives an additional twist, do they begin to feel that King Log would, on the whole, have been preferable to President Stork. Whether arising from the same cause, or otherwise, it is certain that the French are the least inclined of any people in Western Europe to push abroad into the world with a view to bettering their circumstances.—Kept at home by their ignorance of foreign languages, their love of country, or their comparative indifference to commercial gains beyond a limited point, they are further restrained from dispersal by the hopes of honors and place. The Legion of Honor is an exchequer as inexhaustible as the manufactory of ribbon from which it draws its supplies. Even youth owns the potency of decoration. A reasonable distribution of cocked-hats and swords is discovered to inspire flogging schoolboys with a love of France, glory, and grammar; and not to be behind in sentiment, criminals yield a becoming obedience, provided they are marched to work to the efficacious strains of a tambour.—Place, however, is the solid material on which general subserviency is erected. The free resources of the country are literally eaten up by a host of functionaries decked out in every variety of uniform. The whole civil functionaries in Great Britain dependent on the state are under seventeen thousand in number: in France, the number is upwards of half a million, and as many more are looking for office. Demoralization, by the dispensation of petty offices, is thus a powerful engine of authority. The French Government maintains a vast variety of trading monopolies, not for purposes of revenue, but compensation and bribery. One of the ministers lately entertained the Assembly by a statement, that he had on his hands as many as twenty thousand applications for the privilege of retailing tobacco; each applicant putting forth some special claim for state favor! An eager pursuit of place among restless politicians and a redundant body of *littérateurs*, of course go far to explain the recurring phenomena of French revolutions.

To an Englishman who gives any consideration to the aspect of French society, nothing appears more inconsistent than the letter and the practice of the new Republican Constitution. With "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," inscribed in wearisome repetition on the walls of public buildings, with trees of liberty planted in mocking profusion, the people—at least those whom I had the fortune to converse with—appear to be in a condition of infantine ignorance respecting what constitutes the first elements of freedom. All their revolutions, all their changes of forms, still leave them at the mercy of local regulations diametrically opposed to the principles for which they have freely shed their blood. The nuisance of passports, preventing all freedom of locomotion, except by permission of a magistrate, is continued in all its ancient virulence. At every public meeting commissaries of police possess a legal title to appear officially; to overawe the speakers; and, if they think proper, to turn all to the door by means of a company of soldiers. The same functionaries, backed by gendarmes, exercise the authority of paying domiciliary visits at the dead of night, and carrying off all papers for which they have a fancy: no redress. Persons taken into custody for any alleged offence are kept in prison for any length of time without trial: preliminary public examinations, with the privilege of giving bail, are unknown: practically, whatever be the law on the subject, there is no habeas corpus. In the single word "conscription" we have a whole chapter of horrors; but I content myself with noticing, that not until a young man has passed the ordeal of the ballot, in his twenty-first year, does he possess the privilege of being married: the demoralization arising from this cause is alone beyond computation. Now, the surprising thing is, that none of these despotic regulations is made the subject of general complaint—they are submitted to, possibly with fretfulness; but no movement takes place towards their removal or modification. Indeed every new convulsion may be said to rivet them the more closely on the country; for every fresh executive, feeling the increased criticalness of its position, is obliged to maintain itself by restrictions on liberty, which no staid monarchy, like that of Britain, finds it requisite to employ. A government in danger is always seemingly tyrannical—breaks through all constitutional principles and forms, and scruples not to set aside any law that is opposed to its self-preservation. Hence I can really see no end to the series of revolutionary troubles in France. A century may elapse before the people acquire the habits of thought essential to a state of freedom.—They will, to all appearance, go on destroying government after government, in expectation of finding something better; while all the time, their imagined corrective is but aggravating the disorder incidental to their unhappy condition.

I left France with gloomy forebodings of the future; nor did I find any person in my journey who entertained the most distant hope that the then present state of affairs could last. Unfortunately, no one can exactly define what form of government is at once practicable and expedient. There is a chaos of principle—antagonisms impossible to be reconciled. In the political paroxysm of 1848, forms were established thoroughly at variance with national tranquillity, and yet which it does not seem to be in the nature of things to abolish. The deliberative power given to the army would alone rend a state in pieces; though this weak point in the Constitution is probably less fatal than the reliance on a National Guard, which considers itself entitled to assist the constituted authorities only when in the humor to do so. Whether without passing through the furnace of a civil, or the distractions of a foreign war, France will be able to compose her internal differences, is a question deeply affecting all Europe. Let her be at least assured, that England looks on her struggles towards an improved and settled government with anything but an unfriendly or jealous spirit, with indeed a degree of sympathy and solicitude very unlike the feelings which once unhappily prevailed between the two countries. W. C.

Clippings.

☞ The young men of St. Louis have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of taking care of orphans, and relieving the sick and poor.

☞ If you wish to prevent hydrophobia, cut the dogs' tails off close to the ears. This is the only antidote that can be depended on.

☞ What is the universe but a hand flung into space pointing always with extended finger unto God?

☞ The Washington Railroad Company have had to pay Costar Washington, who received damages occasioned by their cars running off the track in September last, the sum of $5,000 besides costs.

☞ The following toast was drunk "down east" on the Fourth of July:—"Our Militia—May they never want, and never be wanted."

☞ It was a pretty saying of a little boy, who seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be; they are brothers."

☞ A writer in a New York paper proposes in reply to the suggestion that the military should fire blank cartridges at the mobs, that mobs should pelt the military with cotton balls, instead of paving stones and brick bats.

☞ Sir Boyle Roche, the blunderer, rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a more serious and graver aspect than usual, "Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such, that the little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker."

☞ An old lady in Winthrop, Maine, seeing the train of cars come in for the first time, on the 31 ult., on the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, remarked that she "didn't see anything *so dreadful foraushus looking about the injun*, after all."

☞ Four young Morocco girls of wonderful personal beauty, who have been acting as Hebes and distributors of coffee and other beverages, at one of the fashionable Cafes in Paris, have gone to London. They have nightly attracted large crowds, as well from the singularity of their appearance as from their personal beauty, and have realised for their importer a considerable sum.

☞ A Kentucky paper, speaking of the extravagant gestures of some of their lawyers, says "they punctuate their words with punches."

☞ It is inconceivable to me how a man can make up his mind to build, or do anything else, in a temporary, slight, insincere fashion. What has a man to say for himself, who must sum up the doings of his life in this way. "I chiefly employed myself in making or selling things which seemed to be good and were not. And nobody has occasion to bless me for anything I have done."

☞ Mrs. Madison has willed the $20,000 received from Government for her husband's papers, to her niece, Miss Payne; and her son, Mr. Tod.

☞ There is a Society in Glasgow that distributes prizes to those housewives who, for three months, keep the cleanest houses in dirty localities.

☞ A new mode of advertising has just come in vogue, adapted to the hot season. Advertisements are obtained for the back of fans. They are pasted in the fans, and then are thrown into people's doors gratis, all over town. Of course, no one refuses a fan, and whenever one is used the advertisement presents itself to one's eyes.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HISTORICAL ERROR CORRECTED. This article shall appear in next week's paper.

THE DESERTED WIFE.
AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

In our next number we shall commence a novelette of deep interest, with the above title, by a lady who we think is destined to take a high place among the female authors of America—Mrs. Emma D. E. Southworth, author of a tale called "Retribution," now in process of publication by the Harpers.

Judging from what we have already received of "THE DESERTED WIFE," we shall be surprised if it does not make a sensation equal, to say the least, to that produced by any original story ever published in an American paper.

As the demand for this story, before it has run many weeks, will probably be very great, we would advise all wishing to procure it, to send on their subscriptions as soon as possible—*as there has not been a single instance yet, in which we have been able to supply all the demands for back numbers of our continued stories.*

We shall endeavor, in this case, to print a sufficient extra number of Mrs. Southworth's story, to supply all new subscribers. But we would advise those who wish it, to apply as early as possible, for our rule always is, "first come, first served."

We embrace this opportunity to return thanks to our numerous friends in all sections of the country, and to assure them that we are rapidly approaching, *if we have not already attained*, that position, when we can claim that the Post has, without a single exception, a larger circulation than any other paper, daily or weekly, in the Union.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Europa, we have the usual weekly intelligence from Europe. Cotton has experienced a further advance of ⅛d. The demand for Breadstuffs has been dull, and the quotations of last week are barely sustained. The Iron trade is dull, and buyers insisting on lower rates.

The first proceeding of the French in Rome, was to take down the numerous Liberty Caps wherever they were found. The second was to declare Rome in a state of siege. The barricades had to be pulled down by the French soldiers themselves, as no Roman laborers could be found to remove them. The Romans bear themselves with a scornful superiority, as the conquerors rather than the conquered. The Assembly, at its last sitting, voted the thanks of the people to the brave defenders of Rome, and unanimously ordered the Constitution of the Republic to be engraved on marble and deposited in the Capitol, as the expression of the unanimous wish of the Roman people.

Garibaldi succeeded in escaping from Rome with 10,000 men. He was loudly applauded as he passed through the city. It is probable he would fall in with some detached force of the Neapolitans or Spaniards, to whom he might give trouble. His intention, it is said, is to invade the Kingdom of Naples. The first division of the French expeditionary army set out in pursuit of him.

The elections in France to fill 35 vacancies, are going on quietly, and the result, as far as ascertained, is in favor of the moderate candidates. In Paris, the Ministerial candidates were all returned. Their recent attempt at insurrection, has inflicted a deep blow upon the Socialists. Had they remained quiet, this election to fill vacancies would probably have taught the Government that its conduct towards Rome was reprobated by the nation at large—as it is, the people have voted in a way to show their indignation at the conduct of the Red Republicans.

What course France will take in relation to the restoration of the Pope, is not yet apparent.

As to Hungary there is the usual uncertainty.—There is an account of a great repulse of the Austrians, equivalent to a Hungarian victory—there is also an account of a victory by the allied Austrians and Russians—but all is doubtful. One thing seems certain, that the reported victories of Jellachich in the South, are gross exaggerations. The Hungarians hold their own in that quarter.

It is not to be disguised, however, that the position of Hungary is one of extreme peril. The plan of her assailants, now opened to view, is to attack her on all sides at once. Russian armies in the North and East, an Austro-Russian army in the West, and Jellachich, with his Croats, in the South, are endeavoring to penetrate into Hungary, and combine together in its central provinces. To each of these four great divisions of the enemy, the Hungarians have opposed a division of their army—while a large reserve is stationed about equi-distant from each, prepared to succor the quarter hardest pressed by the assailants. Kossuth has flung forth another of his impassioned appeals to his countrymen, conjuring the priests to take up the cross, and head their parishioners,—the latter to arm themselves as they best may, even with "scythes and pickaxes," if no better weapons can be procured. The inhabitants of towns and villages are, on the approach of the enemy, to leave their houses and homes, and, carrying away all provisions, to take refuge in the fastnesses of the mountains and the islands of the morasses. They are further instructed to set fire to the places in which the enemy are quartered, and to molest them by nocturnal attacks. M. Kossuth finally states that the Hungarian army numbers 200,000 men.—This appeal is said to be producing a powerful effect, and the number of persons joining this "crusade" against the invaders, is stated at an almost incredible number. Notwithstanding the immense power of Russia, we cannot believe that she will be able to triumph over a people thus determined.

Is it not a burning shame that England and France should sit idly and look with unmoved hearts on this attempt of the great tyrant of the North, to trample Hungary, like another Poland, out of existence! And yet what right has America to open her mouth in their condemnation—America, which has only the coldest common-places, which has not even one warm, enthusiastic word, to give to brave men fighting for the same "good old cause," that of the right of Self Government, which she once fought for. The following Protest of the Hungarian Nation against the intervention of Russia, displays in a few words the justice of the Hungarian cause—and reproaches the American, with other free governments, for their cold neutrality:

"When the Hungarian Nation was attacked at the very centre of its existence as a people, with the help of a just God, it put down the insurrection which a perjured dynasty, through the most outrageous treacheries as well as through the monarchical power and authority, had excited against the Constitution and Laws. It has also driven forth beyond the frontiers the Austrian armies which came to destroy its freedom and independence. In accordance with inalienable national rights and the holy duty of self-preservation, it has deposed from the throne the house of Hapsburg Lorraine, which had become guilty of the most fearful crimes and perjuries. Never did a nation wage a more just war. Never was a dynasty more justly punished.

Never had a people better right to expect that its Government, unanimously appointed, could thenceforth in peace and quietness employ the whole power of the country in healing the wounds which the deposed tyrant had inflicted. But instead of this, without any declaration of war, the Russian armies appear in the neighboring territories of Gallicia and Cracow, called in by the godless House of Hapsburg, and threaten to fall upon Hungary. All our information and all the signs show that that tyrannical house, itself impotent by reason of its crimes, is striving, by means of an alliance with Russia, to erect anew its despotic throne upon the grave of the newly tried nation of Hungary.

The Hungarian nation is determined to resist this attempt. It is resolved to waste the blood of its last man rather than ever acknowledge its murderer as its master. And while in this earnest and immoveable resolution it confidently believes and hopes that the victory will be given to its arms, with the feeling of irreconcilable indignation it raises its cry to God and the civilized nations of the world, and protests solemnly against the unjust intervention of the Russian Power which, for the sake of a perjured despot, is ready to trample all human and national rights beneath its feet. It protests in the consciousness of the undeniable duty of self-defence. It protests in the name of that Common Law of Nations which is the sacred basis for the mutual relations of States. It protests in agreement with all treaties, declarations and protestations which put the existence of nations under the common protection of the sense of justice in other nations against the assaults of usurpers. It protests in the name of Freedom, of the European equilibrium and of civilization. It protests in the name of Humanity, of the innocent blood which, shed in such a war, will cry to a just God for vengeance. The Hungarian nation is confident that every people which is animated by the love of justice and freedom will answer this its protestation with warm sympathy. Nevertheless, should we be deserted by the whole world, we declare before God and all men our firm resolution never to submit to tyrannical power, but to continue this just war of self-defence to the last drop of our blood. God and the civilized world shall judge between us and our assailants."

The Danes lately obtained an important victory over the Germans. We are glad to be able to announce that this quarrel is at last, through English intervention, made up. Conditions of peace have, it is stated, been agreed upon.

The fortress of Rastadt, in the possession of the German Revolutionists, still continued, at the last advices, to hold out against the Prussian troops. The garrison consisted of 6,000 men, and the fortress is a very strong one. The game seems to be entirely up, however, in that quarter.

The Cholera is on the increase in London—the week before the departure of the Europa, there were 152 deaths. This, however, in a population like that of London, is a very small mortality.

Ireland is still the scene of miseries which the pen can hardly describe. The workhouses are overflowing with the starving inhabitants. A correspondent of the London Times, says he had visited the Unions of Tuam, Ballinrobe, Castlebar and Ballina. He found 12,719 paupers under poor house roof, and 105,201 paupers receiving out-door relief; in all, 117,920 destitute persons in only five of the Unions of Galway and Mayo! The same correspondent goes on to say:

"It has been my habit from time to time to leave my car, and enter the cabins by the roadside; it was enough to melt a heart of stone to see the people in them; in one instance, under the remains of the roof of a "tumbled-down house," I found a mother and some small children; the latter some of them quite naked, mere skeletons, but with that enlargement of the abdomen now so common among them. A thing of mere bone, of about two years old, lay on an old red petticoat, looking nearly as near death as I could have wished it. I gave the woman a loaf of bread; in one moment she had torn a piece out of it, and placed it in her own mouth; I was just about to point to her to give some to the children, when, with a look I shall never forget, she placed her finger in her mouth, drew out the moistened bread, and at once began to place it between the child's lips. She had placed the remains of the loaf by her side; one of the boys approached, probably to stare at the apparition; she roughly pushed him from her, and at once hid it under her, and never heeding me, even to thank me, she still tried to force the chewed food into that half corpse's mouth. As I turned to leave the cottage she sprang on her knees, and her very blessings were terrible; the loaf had just cost me two pence. At another spot there was a wretched hovel, at the door of which a scarce clad girl was sitting; I rashly beckoned to her, and taking a loaf from the well of my car, I threw it to her; in a moment a crowd of beings rushed from the cabin, and a struggle began for the prize, in which all feelings for sex and age were forgotten; it was only by no small force I secured the prize for the girl, and it was with difficulty we mastered the group that then surrounded us; we did what we could to give them at least one meal. The plasha weed, or corn kail with nettles, is now so sought that serious damage is often done to the corn by the poor creatures who thus try to live. I am ready to prove that the process of famine is being borne by the peasantry with an enduring patience at which I cannot sufficiently wonder; that as a rule they bear it till they die, or enter the Union, seeking life from improper food but not disgusting.

What a picture does this news from Europe present! Hungary fighting for life and liberty, against the great tyrant and cut-throat of the North—Italy crushed by traitors to freedom—the last embers of a mistaken Republicanism being trodden out in Germany—and Ireland starving! God of Mercy, look down upon Thy suffering and desponding children!

NOVELS.

The Emperor Nicholas has recently issued an ukase which imposes a duty of ten copecks a pound on all printed books imported into Russia, with the exception of novels and romances, for which *double duties* shall be paid.

The Emperor Nicholas acts very consistently, as a despotic prince, in showing no favor to novels—he would act wisely, as a tyrant, in prohibiting them altogether.

We say it after reflection, that there are few classes of books which inculcate a higher order of morality than novels. In fact the very high virtues of generosity, magnanimity, courage, self-sacrifice, &c.,—those, in a word, which come under the title of nobleness—are seldom elsewhere inculcated at all, and no where else, perhaps, with such wonderful effect. Looking back upon our own experience, we think we have derived more real benefit from the reading of what is called (and is, in *one* sense,) fiction—poetry and prose—than from all our other reading put together.

It is only reasonable, we say, that Nicholas should show an enmity to novels. If he wishes his young men to acquire a romantic contempt of death, in a good cause—to hate his arbitrary and unchivalrous government—to despise and loathe the chains which weigh down the expression of every thought in Russia—to hate, in one word, tyrants and tyranny; and love heroes and freedom—then let him give a free course to foreign novels; the work shall be done, and the Russian soon begin to grow as restive under the yoke, as the Italian or the German.

THE KIDNAPPING CASE

The Consul of Spain in New Orleans, is charged with being a party to the abduction of Juan Francisco Rey from that city, for a political offence against the Spanish Government, as narrated in our last paper. An examination into the facts of the case has been ordered.

We can hardly conceive of a more foolish piece of business than this alleged kidnapping, and therefore we are inclined to believe that the charge is groundless. And yet, Governments, especially those doomed to destruction, often commit the most unaccountable blunders. Why, we can tell her Spanish Majesty and the Captain General of Cuba, that there are thousands in these United States who will be superlatively rejoiced, if it turn out to be the fact that Spain has given the Union such a deep cause of offence, as the wresting of a political culprit from the protection of our free flag. Can it be possible that Queen Isabella and her Ministers do not know that a portion of the American people look with longing eyes upon Cuba, that last colonial jewel of the Spanish crown? And it is playing into the hands of that party, giving them an appeal which goes at once to every American heart, to do the deed which Spain is accused of doing.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

Printers are often astonished at the low rates which government work is contracted for, knowing that good work cannot possibly be furnished at the prices. We have heard it said that the explanation of the mystery is this: Government is cheated in the quantity furnished. For instance, when the Government orders ten thousand copies of a report, &c., only eight or nine thousand are furnished—the bill being sent in of course for the whole number. As we have heard this explanation given, we publish it in order that the attention of the proper authorities at Washington may be drawn to the subject. Probably though, if it be so, they know all about it already. We have one opinion of office holders in general, *without distinction of party*, that they are up to all kinds of rascality—and that they religiously believe they would be false to their duty to themselves and families, if they did not cheat, and connive at the cheating of, old Uncle Sam whenever there is an opportunity.

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine has been elected by a small vote to the French Assembly. In a recent paper from his pen, he portrays, with his accustomed ability, the direct and unavoidable tendency to anarchy of the doctrines of the Red Republicans. Some ardent gentlemen of the press and the stump, who have been led by their just indignation at the policy of Louis Napoleon towards Rome, to defend the principles and policy of the Red Republicans, may now perhaps be induced to reconsider their course. Because one does not like injustice, is no reason for plunging into a defence of anarchy. Despotism and anarchy are twin brothers.

THE CHOLERA.

In the week ending last Saturday, there were only 267 cases and 94 deaths of Cholera in this city—the previous week, there were 395 cases and 148 deaths; showing a decrease of 54 deaths. The disease will probably linger, in a mild form, through August.

In New York, judging from the health reports, there is, as yet, no mitigation of the disease. But in St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other points in the West and South-West, the disease seems to be gradually becoming less and less violent. In the North, Boston, Montreal, &c., it is on the increase.

FIRE.

There has been another destructive fire at St. Louis, in which five steamboats and their freights were destroyed, viz: the Algoma, San Francisco Mary, Phoenix and Dubuque.

THE RIVER OHIO.

The distinguished engineer, Charles Ellet, Jr., in a recent letter to a friend in this city, says that he has extended his surveys and observations so far as to be able to state the volume of water which passed down the river Ohio, at Wheeling, *every day during the last four years*. He says:

I have advanced far enough, to determine the number of cubic feet of water which it would have been necessary to supply, in addition to that which actually flowed down the river, to maintain any given height throughout the year.

The results are very remarkable. Combined with my former surveys on the tributaries of the Ohio, they completely demonstrate that the navigation of this river may be permanently upheld for boats of *five feet draught*, by the formation of reservoirs which can be constructed for a sum not exceeding $600,000 altogether.

The application of this method of improving the rivers of the country is not limited to the Ohio. The Allegheny, the Kanawha, the north branch of the Susquehanna,—all of which I have personally surveyed within the last 20 years,—and many other great rivers, can be most cheaply and effectually made permanently navigable by the same simple process.

The improvement of the navigation of the Ohio is of such vast importance to a large section of country, that we trust Mr. Ellet's statements will receive the attention they deserve. If, as he says, the navigation of the Ohio could be permanently upheld by an outlay of $600,000 in reservoirs, it would be a cheap price for a result of such great importance.

HEALTH INSURANCE.

We perceive that the only survivor of the four Health Insurance Companies, chartered in Massachusetts, in 1847, has voted to discontinue the business and wind up its affairs. There is no reason why such companies should not succeed, if the rates are high enough, and the members *honest*—but, we fear, that last qualification is the rub. The *Life* Insurance Companies have a great advantage in this respect. It is easy to sham sickness, but not so easy to sham death—the first also is often convenient, especially if only Homœopathic medicines are taken; while the latter is decidedly inconvenient. You may exact that a person pleading sickness shall procure the certificate of his physician—but physicians may be humbugged as well as less learned men. Besides, the healthy members of such societies, think they have a right to lie by and enjoy some of the funds occasionally, as well as the other members. In short there is a radical tendency to a decrease of funds in all Health Insurance Companies and Beneficial Societies, which has its origin in the disposition of a large class of persons to sponge on others whenever they have an opportunity, in order to avoid hard work. We are very sorry to say this, but we fear the experience of most Beneficial Societies will bear us out in doing so.

CALIFORNIA.

We refer our readers to the interesting advices from California, condensed by us, in another column. Notwithstanding the Californians appear to take General Riley's proclamations in a little "dudgeon," we are disposed to think that the administration has adopted the best course in the premises. We think the Californians themselves will see this, and quietly conform to the proclamation.

Some surprise has been expressed, that General Riley should have assumed the position of Governor, and not Gen. Smith, who is his superior officer. The following explanation we take to be the true one. Smith is the commander of the Western Military Division, which includes both Oregon and California. Gen. Riley is the commanding officer in California—under Smith indeed, as he is under the President—and therefore is by the laws of California, *ex officio* Governor of the country.

We knew they had deaths, but we did not know they yet had marriages in California. In an extract from the "Alta California," however, we perceive three marriages under the marriage head—two at San Francisco and one at Monterey. One of the parties is a "Smith," of course.

FATHER MATHEW.

Father Mathew had a splendid reception in Boston. In his speech he gave credit to the Massachusetts Temperance Society for leading the way; he said he had only followed in its footsteps. "You are my teachers, my leaders in this great reform," continued Father Mathew, "and may we continue in the unity of this faith until we are all brought into one fold and under one shepherd." On a recent Sunday he administered the pledge to upwards of three thousand people, and since his arrival twenty thousand have taken the pledge of total abstinence from him. We are inclined to think that the Temperance men, pretty generally, must be taking the pledge over again, for the sake of getting one of Father Mathew's medals—surely all the twenty thousand cannot have been converted to the good cause. If they are all new converts, however, so much the better. This is one of the cases, in which the old maxim "The more, the *merrier*," emphatically applies.

FLORIDA.

There has been an outbreak of the Indians in Florida, said to have arisen from personal causes. No general war is apprehended. The origin of the difficulty is not yet determined—though the Indians are very apt to be the injured party in such quarrels. The War Department has made preparations to despatch a sufficient force to Florida to repel the Indians if they contemplate other hostilities, or to bring the murderers to justice, if the late outrages are merely the violence of a few stragglers. It the Indians begin in the right, they generally continue to end in the wrong, according to civilized rules of action. Poor fellows! they have but two alternatives before them—either to become civilized themselves, or be wiped off the slate by the sponge of civilization. A new sum is to be done, and if they are not willing to make a *figure* in it, they will have to be rubbed out. It is a pity! but such is the evident decree of destiny.

THE HOMESTEAD AND LAW.

We take the following from one of our contemporaries, who credits it to Thomas Jefferson:

"When the war is over and our freedom won, the people must make a new declaration; they must declare the rights of man, the individual, sacred above all craft in priesthood or government—they must at one blow, *put an end to all the trickeries of English law*, which garnered up in the channels of ages, bind the heart and will with lies. They must perpetuate republican truth, *by making the homestead of every man a holy thing, which no law can touch, no juggle can wrest from his wife and children.* Until this is done the revolution will have been fought in vain."

Jefferson's writings are an invaluable resource to reformers of all kinds—but we did not suppose that the "inalienable homestead" men could find any ammunition there.

TERRIBLE.

A letter from one of the passengers of the Europa—the steamer that ran down the ship "Charles Bartlett"—contains the following statement:

The wild despair of one poor man I shall never forget; he literally lost his all—his wife and four children, his aged parents, brother, wife, and their children, and his whole fortune. The poor creature wrung his hands and tore his hair—it was heart-rending to see him. There were thirty-five children under sixteen and seven under eleven months on board.

All these children, as we have before stated, perished. Happier those who perished, than those who found themselves, bereft of all, alive.

THE FLOWER OF ITALY.

The defenders of Rome were the noblest spirits of Italy. Driven from Naples, from Lombardy, they flocked to the "Eternal City" as the last refuge of Italian freedom. An American lady, writing from Rome, during the siege, said: "They are the flower of the Italian youth; especially among the Lombards are some of the finest young men I have ever seen. If Rome falls, if Venice falls, there is no spot of Italian earth where they can abide more." Venice, however, still holds out against the Austrians. Would that Garibaldi and his followers could fling themselves into that beleaguered city, and strike another good blow for freedom!

THE TABLES TURNED.

Rather over a year ago, a Prefect of one of the French Departments received the following telegraphic despatch:

"Monsieur Le Prefet: Arrest, by all possible means, the citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, should be present himself in your Department.
"LEDRU ROLLIN."

A year later, the same Prefect received another despatch in the following terms:

"Arrest by all possible means the citizen Ledru Rollin, if he present himself in your department.
"DUFAURE,
"Minister of Louis Napoleon."

COPPER TYPE.

Commenting upon a news item, that a Mr. Petit, of London, is now engaged manufacturing type of copper, the Boston "Aurora Borealis" (it comes very natural to make *light* of such a name,) says, that the type (or the principal part of it) now used on that paper is copper. John Bull has to get up very early, if he would not find some "confounded Yankee" ahead of him.

THE STATE INTEREST.

Pennsylvania pays off the interest of her public debt this year, (without borrowing a dollar to do it with,) in gold and silver, or their equivalent. We are now willing, for the first time in many years, to own ourselves a Pennsylvanian, "to the manor born."

☞ At a meeting of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, held recently in Edinburgh, a resolution disapproving of reading discourses from the pulpit of that Church, was carried by a majority of 165 against 121.

☞ Gen. Taylor's cotton crop has been sold at the big price of eight cents a pound, round. This will repair some of his recent losses by the overflow.

The Gold Regions.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the Crescent City, at New York, we have 30 days later advices from California.

The Crescent City brings $230,000 in specie, consigned to different houses; while it is computed by some that what is stowed away in the baggage of the passengers will swell the amount to half a million—we think, for ourselves, however, that probably $300,000 would cover all the gold dust on board.

The steamship Panama left San Francisco the 30th of June, with about 100 passengers, and $300,000 in gold dust and specie. She arrived at Panama on the night of the 11th of July, and would leave again on the 1st of August. The American barques Tasso and Ellen Frances were waiting at Panama for passengers to go up to San Francisco. Several other vessels were also bound up with passengers.

There is but one opinion among the passengers with regard to the gold in California; it is still found in great quantities, but it is only the hard-workers who can stand the fatigue of digging it.

There was no sickness at the mines, and every thing was going on quietly. The number of persons there is estimated at between twenty and thirty thousand; about one-half foreigners. Business at San Francisco is very dull, and dry goods and provisions are selling below the original cost. Lumber is still in good demand, selling for three hundred and fifty dollars per M. Rents enormously high, and on the rise.

Our Consul at Panama would not assume the responsibility of sending the California mail by the Crescent City.

From letters in the "Alta California," from the gold diggings, we judge that the amount dug daily by each person, would not average more than half an ounce. Young lawyers, physicians and men unused to hard work at home, seem to endure the fatigues and privations of the mines even better than those who have been day laborers all their lives. Of a party of eleven mechanics, seven went back to San Francisco, declaring that they would rather work for $1 per diem than be deprived of the comforts of civilized life. To the student of human nature, this is not at all wonderful. Spirit, and not matter, rules the man.

Brigadier General Riley has issued a Proclamation, in accordance with the instructions of the Secretary of War, in which he says he has assumed the administration of civil affairs in California, not as a *military* Governor, but as the Executive of the existing civil Government. General Riley says:

"In the absence of a properly appointed civil Governor, the commanding officer of the Department, is, by the laws of California, *ex-officio* civil Governor of the country, and the instructions from Washington were based on the provisions of these laws. This subject has been misrepresented or at least misconceived, and currency given to the impression that the Government of the country is still *military*. Such is not the fact. The military Government ended with the war, and what remains is the *civil* Government recognized in the existing laws of California.

Although the command of the troops in this department and the administration of civil affairs in California are, by the existing laws of the country and the instructions of the President of the United States, temporarily lodged in the hands of the same individual, they are separate and distinct. No military officer, other than the commanding General of the department, exercises any civil authority by virtue of his military commission, and the powers of the commanding General as *ex-officio* Governor are only such as are defined and recognized in the existing laws. The instructions of the Secretary of War makes it the duty of all military officers to recognize the existing civil Government, and to aid its officers with the military force under their control. Beyond this, any interference is not only uncalled for, but strictly forbidden.

The laws of California, not inconsistent with the laws, Constitution and treaties of the United States, are still in force and must continue in force till changed by competent authority. Whatever may be thought of the right of the people to temporarily replace the officers of the existing Government by others appointed by a Provisional Territorial Legislature, there can be no question that the existing laws of the country must continue in force till replaced by others made and enacted by competent power. That power, by treaty of peace, as well as from the nature of the case, is vested in Congress. The situation of California in this respect is very different from that of Oregon. The latter was without laws, while the former has a system of laws, which, though somewhat defective and requiring many changes and amendments, must continue in force till repealed by competent legislative power.

The situation of California is almost identical with that of Louisiana, and the decisions of the Supreme Court in recognizing the validity of the laws which existed in that country previous to its annexation to the United States, were not inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, or repealed by legitimate legislative enactments, furnish us a clear and safe guide in our present situation. It is important that citizens should understand this fact, so as not to endanger their property and involve themselves in useless and expensive litigation by giving countenance to persons claiming authority which is not given them by law, and putting faith in laws which can never be recognized by legitimate courts.

As Congress has failed to organize a new Territorial Government, it becomes our imperative duty to take some active measures to provide for the existing wants of the country. This, it is thought, may be best accomplished by putting in full vigor the administration of the laws as they now exist, and completing the organization of the civil government by the election and appointment of all officers recognized by law: While at the same time a Convention, in which all parts of the Territory are represented, shall meet and frame a State Constitution or a Territorial organization, to be submitted to the people for their ratification and then proposed to Congress for its approval. Considerable time will necessarily elapse before any new Government can be legitimately organized and put in operation. In the interim the existing Government, if its organization be completed, will be found sufficient for all our temporary wants.

A brief summary of the organization of the present Government may not be uninteresting. It consists 1st, of a Governor, appointed by the Supreme Government; in default of such appointment the office is temporarily vested in the commanding military officer of the Department. The powers and duties of the Governor are of a limited character, but fully defined and pointed out by the laws. 2d. A Secretary, whose duties and powers are also properly defined. 3d. A Territorial or Departmental Legislature, with limited powers to pass laws of a local character. 4th. A Superior Court (*Tribunal Superior*) of the Territory, consisting of four Judges and a Fiscal. 5th. A Prefect and sub-Prefects for each District, who are charged with the preservation of public order and the execution of the laws; their duties correspond in a great measure with those of District Marshals and Sheriffs. 6th. A Judge of First Instance for each District. This office is by a custom not inconsistent with the laws, vested in the 1st Alcalde of the District. 7th. Alcaldes who have concurrent jurisdiction among themselves in the same district, but are subordinate to the higher judicial tribunals.—8th. Local Justices of the Peace. 9th. *Ayuntamientos* or Town Councils. The powers and functions of all these officers are fully defined in the laws of this country, and are almost identical with those of the corresponding officers in the Atlantic and Western States.

In order to complete this organization with the least possible delay, the undersigned, in virtue of power in him vested, does hereby appoint the first of August next as the day for holding a special election for Delegates to a general Convention, and for filling the offices of Judges of the Superior Court, Prefects and sub-Prefects, and all vacancies in the offices of 1st Alcalde, (or Judge of First Instance,) Alcaldes, Justices of the Peace, and Town Councils. The Judges of the Superior Court, and the Prefects by law are Executive appointments, but being desirous that the wishes of the people should be fully consulted, the Governor will appoint such persons as may receive the plurality of votes in their respective districts, provided that they are competent and eligible to the office. Each District will therefore elect a Prefect and two sub-Prefects, and fill the vacancies in the offices of 1st Alcalde or (Judge of First Instance) and of Alcaldes.

* * * * * * *

The Federal Convention for forming a State Constitution or plan for a Territorial Government, will consist of 37 delegates, who will meet in Monterey on the first day of September next. These delegates will be chosen as follows:

The General then goes on to apportion the delegates among the different districts, defining the limits of said districts, and winds up his Proclamation as follows:

The method here indicated to attain what is desired by all, a more perfect political organization, is deemed the most direct and safe that can be adopted and one fully authorized by law. It is the course advised by the President and by the Secretaries of State and of War of the United States, and is calculated to avoid the innumerable evils which must necessarily result from any attempt at illegal local legislation. It is therefore hoped that it will meet the approbation of the people of California, and that all good citizens will unite in carrying it into execution.

Given at Monterey, California, this third day of June, A. D., 1849. (Signed) B. RILEY,
Brevet Brig. General U. S. A., and Governor of California.

Official—H. W. HALLECK,
Brevet Captain and Secretary of State.

The next day the General issued another Proclamation, declaring a body calling itself "The Legislative Assembly of the District of San Francisco," "illegal and unauthorized," and warning all persons not to countenance it or pay taxes for its support.

These two proclamations have created intense excitement in California. The Spanish portion of the inhabitants unanimously support the General; the Americans, though they appear to consider it a rather arbitrary piece of business, will probably come into the General's arrangements, for the sake of peace and good order.

The following letter, for which we are indebted to a correspondent of the Ledger, will give an idea of the condition of things in San Francisco, at the time it was written. As only about a dozen of the several hundred vessels on their way to California, had arrived, it is natural to suppose that their arrival has, by this time, still further depressed the price of goods, and that the wages of clerks and others have been materially lowered, while the difficulties of obtaining boarding at fair prices have increased. The letter in question is as follows:

Although no goods had arrived from the United States when we reached here, yet so heavy had been the shipments from the South American ports, the Sandwich Islands and Oregon, that the market was fully supplied with some things and glutted with others. The prices are falling every day. I retailed out my own little stock of goods and managed to make two or three hundred dollars on them. Wages are very high—one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a month is the common payment of clerks. Day laborers are paid $6 to $8 a day. A good carpenter $12 to $16. The expenses of living, however, are in due proportion. At the best hotel, (the Parker House,) meals are $2, or by the week $21, without giving you any room or any place to sleep in. Two or three little incidents occurred on the evening of the day upon which we arrived, that rather startled those of our party concerned. Mr. D., who came out with us, seeing some eggs in a dish at a hotel, and supposing them to be hard-boiled and for sale, as we have them in the oyster-cellars at home, thought "he'd try one," but breaking one, found it was raw. He told the man at the bar of the mistake he had made and asked what was to pay. "As it was accidental," said the barkeeper, "I'll only charge you three shillings; we get half a dollar a piece for them!" Good price, that! Another individual of our party, unable to get a place to sleep the first night ashore, went into the Parker House, and stepping up to a darkey (waiter) pulled out a quarter and handing it to him desired that he might be allowed to sleep upon one of the settees in the hall. The colored man looked at him a moment in silent surprise, then thrusting his hand in his pocket, he brought up a couple of dollars, and holding them out to our friend, said, "Look hea', nebber offer a gentleman a quartah while you're in California. Take dis and don't insult anybody dat way agin." My fellow passenger of course "vamosed!" These two facts will give you some idea of the prices they charge and receive here. The news received at home of the amount of gold found at the mines, is in a great measure exaggerated, but that considerable quantities are dug up "is most true." I expect to go up to the diggings myself next week. I am still in good health, and have gained twenty-one pounds since leaving home.

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REGISTER AND MAGAZINE. *Conducted by James Stryker.* This is a very valuable periodical. The number before us (that for June) opens with a valuable historical register of 1849—noticing the principal occurrences, both in the United States and Europe, up to the time of its publication. It also contains articles on the Post Office, Progress of Canada, Plank Roads, the Whale Fishery, Mechanical Industry of America, &c., &c.,—making in all a volume of about 300 pages of documentary, statistical and other matter, valuable alike to the statesman, the man of business and the scholar. Published by the proprietor, *No. 320 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.*

HEARTS AND HOMES; OR, SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS. *A story by Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.* The publisher calls this Mrs. Ellis's "*last and best work*," and its announcement will doubtless be hailed with joy by the numerous admirers of her writings. It is in two parts, the first of which is already published in a volume of 348 pages. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, 164 Chesnut street, Phila.*

THE MAIDEN AUNT. *A Story by S. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co.* This volume contains three stories, "The Alceste," "Duncombe Park," and "Edith Kinnaird." Our readers have already had an opportunity of judging of the merits of "Duncombe Park." "Edith Kinnaird" occupies three-fourths of the book, and is a very interesting story. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, Phila.*

DAVID COPPERFIELD. We have received from *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard*, of this city, Nos. 2 and 3 of their cheap edition of the "Adventures of David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. This edition is illustrated with plates, and sold at the low price of *five* cents a number.

STORY OF GENIUS; OR, COLA MONTE. *By the author of "How to Win Love," "Michael the Miner," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.* A book for children which, upon a rather slight examination, we are disposed to like much. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, Phila.*

DAVID COPPERFIELD. No. 3 of this new work of Dickens's, has been published by *Wiley, New York.* It is for sale by *T. B. Peterson, Phila. Price 12½ cents.*

Miscellaneous.

INCIDENTS OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

A German officer in Jellachich's corps, writing of the Hungarian war says:

"The greater battles were in part very bloody, for they were fought on both sides with the greatest courage, and with indescribable animosity.—Thus, at Gyonyos, I saw two squadrons of Kossuth Hussars charge thrice a hollow square of our infantry; twice, the quiet, well-aimed fire of the foot drove them back; horses and men fell in platoons; but with a ringing shout of 'Hussa, Eljen, Eljen Kossuth!' they dashed up the third time at the top of their horses' speed, regardless of the hostile fire, and broke the ranks, on which their sabres now raged like lightning. Alas, we could not fly to the help of our brave comrades, for at the moment we were engaged with an overwhelming force of the enemy's cavalry. Though at the end of the struggle we held the field, our loss was not small. It cannot be denied that the greatest part of the insurgents, and especially their cavalry, fight admirably, and show a courage and skill which belong only to the good soldier.

"Latterly, the order has not been Forward, but Backward—a sad word for the ear of a brave soldier. When this unhappy war will end cannot be told. The Hungarians will carry it to the last, and it will cost seas of blood before Hungary and Transylvania can become conquered provinces. And then it will take an army of 50,000 men to keep that fire from bursting forth, which will long burn under its ashes. But what is all that to us subaltern officers?"

Describing a truce when the two hostile parties lay near each other and he went to visit the Hungarian Hussars, who formerly, in the Austrian army, belonged to his own corps, he says:

"I stopped some minutes to talk with the Hussars, almost every one of whom I knew personally, and asked them why they had left their flag and fought against the King. 'That we do not do,' they replied, very earnestly,—'Ferdinand is still our King, and we will keep him, but the country shall not be divided between the Germans and Croats, as Jellachich and Windischgratz mean to have it.' I laughed, and assured them that nobody had such an intention, but they replied that Kossuth had said so—and what he said was true—beside, the Colonel and Captain had ordered them to do what Kossuth desired. I asked them if I had not treated them as well as the Captain who used to punish them so much with flogging? They cried, 'Better, much better! Thou art a good man, though a German, but the Captain is a Magyar, and so we like better to obey him.' One of them said,—'Thou art a good officer, and if we take thee prisoner, we will keep thee well.' I laughed, and told them they might be sure they should not take me, for I would sooner be cut in pieces than captured. At this the old officer clapped me familiarly on the shoulder, saying earnestly, 'Thou art right—a man who has once had the honor to command as an officer, must not let us take him prisoner.' As I went away, many of them shook my hand, and shouted aloud, 'Eljen! Eljen!' after me."

MORE UNITED STATES.

The territory not yet formed into States will make forty six and a half States as large as Pennsylvania. Of these, thirty five will be north of 36 deg. 30 min.—or free States. Eleven and a half south of 36 deg. 30 min.—or slave States, supposing the Missouri Compromise line to be adopted.

The United States will then consist of seventy-six sovereign States. Tyrants, tremble!

Should Oregon, California and New Mexico fly off, and the Rocky Mountains be the division between the United of the Atlantic and the United States of the Pacific, the Atlantic Union will contain fifty-seven sovereign States; the Pacific Union nineteen gigantic sovereign States. Tyrants, still tremble!

These calculations are based upon the recent report of the United States Commissioner of the General Land Office—and take in all the United States territory of every kind not yet formed into States.

God save the Union.—*West Chester Jef.*

The above calculation, which is not wide of the accurate truth, shows that at no remote time, probably in a century, there will be a colossal Republican power upon this continent. Our computation would give more to the Pacific. The extent of our territory upon the Pacific, from 32 deg. to 49 deg., may be called 1,200 miles. The breadth may be called 800. This last is supposed under the actual measurement. This gives 960,000 square miles, and will make twenty-four States of 40,000 square miles. New Mexico added would increase the number to about thirty. Suppose Texas to make two and Minesota one, we shall have sixty-three States. But before this consummation, it is probable that the two Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will swell the list four more making sixty-seven States.

The power and resources of this chain of States would not do to be measured by the present condition even of the present thirty. The commerce of Asia brought to our doors—and the St. Lawrence, whose importance to Canada or Great Britain is trifling, but which would be to us an element of strength and prosperity not inferior to the Mississippi—will make a national wealth and strength with which no other power on the globe can come in competition.—*St. Louis Union.*

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN JERUSALEM.

As the Christians are very numerous, there reigns among the whole no small degree of complaisance, as well as unrestrained intercourse in matters of business, amusement, and even of religion. The Musselmans, for instance, pray in all the holy places consecrated to the memory of Christ and the Virgin, except the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, the sanctity of which they do not acknowledge, for they believe that Jesus Christ did not die, but that He ascended alive into Heaven, leaving the likeness of His face to Judas, who was condemned to die for Him; and that, as Judas was crucified, it was his body, and not that of Jesus, which was placed in the sepulchre. It is for this reason that the Musselmans do not perform any act of devotion at the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, and that they ridicule the Christians who visit and revere it.

The Jews—the "children of the kingdom"—have been cast out, and many have come from the east and the west to occupy their places in desolate land promised to their fathers. Their quarter is in the narrow valley between the Temple and the foot of Mount Zion. Many are rich, but they are careful to conceal their wealth from the jealous eyes of the Mahometan rulers, lest they should be subject to extortion.

It is remarkable that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem are of a totally different cast from those we see in Europe. Here they are a fair race, very light made, and particularly effeminate in manner; the young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which, with their flowing silk robes, gives them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly fond of dress; and, although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and the richest silks of Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dressed in brocades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl about twelve years old, who was betrothed to the son of a rich rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw; her skin was whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of a Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish.

The house of Rabbi A——, with whom I was acquainted, answered exactly to Sir Walter Scott's description of the dwelling of Isaac of York. The outside and the court-yard indicated nothing but poverty and neglect; but on entering I was surprised at the magnificence of the furniture. One room had a silver chandelier, and a great quantity of embossed plate was displayed on the top of the polished cupboards. Some of the windows were filled with painted glass; and the members of the family covered with gold and jewels, were seated on divans of Damascus brocade. The Rabbi's little son was so covered with charms in gold cases, to keep off the evil eye, that he jingled like a chime of bells when he walked along.

The Jewish religion is now so much encumbered with superstition, and the extraordinary explanations of the Bible in the Talmud, that little of the original creed remains. They interpret all the words of Scripture literally, and this leads them into most absurd mistakes. On the morning of the day of the Passover I went into the Synagogue under the walls of the Temple and found it crowded to the very door; all the congregation were standing up, with large white shawls over their heads, with the fringes which they were commanded to wear by the Jewish law. They were reading the Psalms, and after I had been there a short time all the people began to hop about and to shake their heads and limbs in a most extraordinary manner: the whole congregation was in motion, from the Priest, who was dancing in the reading desk, to the porter, who capered at the door. All this was in consequence of a verse in the 35th Psalm, which says, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto Thee?"—*Curzon's Monasteries in the Levant.*

THE CHILDREN OF JUSTICE.

The following choice extract is from a production of the Brothers Mayhew, lately published in England, entitled the "*Magic of Kindness.*" It gives us pleasure to see, once in a while, among the numberless issues of the press, a book of this character. In this world of strife and war, how little is the magic of kindness understood! how rarely taught, how seldom exemplified! And yet the evil and wrong which the world suffer mainly result from a mistaken notion of what is really good and fair. Could we see things as they are, we should feel repugnance at much in which we now take pleasure, and justly hate what we now blindly love. What men have called Honor, Heaven calls Revenge; and the worshippers of the "dark and proud sister" have paid their homage to her for the very reason that should have moved them to pay it to the other. Is it Revenge or Forgiveness that most resembles her mother?

Huan has grown up a helpless cripple, being supplanted at his mother's breast by the son of a neighboring king. The ill treatment of father and mother, added to the sufferings of weakness, fills his heart with bitterness. Entering a magic cave, he falls asleep; prays to be a giant, and awakes "the giant that he prayed to be." Before him stands the fascinating spirit of Revenge.

Falling on his knees, the amazed Huan asked by what name he should worship his guardian angel. Whereupon the spirit spake as follows:

"Of the blind goddess Justice, there were born two children. The one was fair and golden-haired as the morning, the other dark and black-eyed as the daughters of the East. The fair one was weak and gentle as the lamb; the dark one proud-spirited and dauntless as the lion. And the fair and gentle maid they named Forgiveness, while her dark, proud sister they called Revenge.

"When the two had grown up to womanhood, their blind mother called them to her side, and having blessed them, bade them say which of her possessions she should bestow upon them as their dower. To her eldest child, Revenge, she gave the first choice.

"And the dark damsel asked for the sword, wherewith to protect the injured and punish the injurer. But gentle Forgiveness, falling on her knees, besought her mother that she might inherit her blindness as *her* portion, so that, being blind, she might be merciful to erring man.

"Then Justice, turning to her younger child, said, 'Thou hast chosen rightly, my gentle one; for whereas thy sterner sister hath asked of me that which was given to me by man, thou hast desired of me that which was given to me by God.'

"Then Revenge, jealous of her sister's praise, parted from Forgiveness forever, and went abroad to see which of the two would win most favor among the sons of earth.

"Wherever she went, high and low, noble and ignoble, bent the knee and worshipped her. And to those who sought her aid, she gave such strength and courage, and spake so winningly, and looked so like her mother, that men mistook her for Justice herself. At her bidding nation warred against nation; for she preached the captivating creed of blood, until men blessed the sword, and the fairest of the land admired him the most who wielded it the best.

"So that when at length Forgiveness came, and strove to teach a gentler doctrine to mankind, they spurned her for her blindness and her weakness; and those that listened to her counsels they branded as cowards, while those that slew the most they praised as heroes.

"'Dost thou know me now?' the spirit asked, as Huan lifted up his clasped hands in adoration of her.

"'I do!' he cried, 'I do! Thou art the proud spirit of Re—'

"'Hush!' she exclaimed, before the word had passed his lips. 'On earth they call me Honor—in heaven alone I am known as Revenge.'"

ANTI-CHOLERA PRESCRIPTION.—Don't get in a fluster, and go on a bluster, nor allow yourself to terrified be; but keep a cool head, and never be led, to join in a hurrah and spree.

If a sparking you go, and we know you do so, keep an eye to the time as it flies; and now do you see, don't stay later than three, if you are anyways modestly wise.

Don't dread it at all, be ye old, young or small, neither be overly rash; but keep calmly on, as ye always have done, but avoid eating acid and trash.

Be tidy and clean, avoid every thing green, whether it be cabbage or krout; and quite skimming you'll go, if you take for your motto, "always know what you're about."

MR. EDITOR.—Will you please enlighten a reader of your valuable journal through its columns, what is the true etiquette for a single lady in regard to the acknowledgment of a serenade kindly tendered to her in the "wee hours" of the night, by a party of her gentleman acquaintances? By so doing you will oblige an INQUIRER.

We have put the inquiry to one qualified to know, and the reply is, Let the lady signify that she is a listener by placing a light at her window. More cannot be expected.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE OZONE CONTROVERSY.—*Geography in Chicago.*—Scene, school room.

Dramatis Personæ.—Pretty school ma'am and small class in Geography. Curtain rises.

Teacher.—How many zones are there, Peter?

Peter.—Six, marm.

Teacher, (in surprise.)—Six! Name them.

Peter.—Two temp'rate, two frigid, one torrid, and O-zone.

Teacher.—Go to the head, Peter.

A QUAKER BURIED ERECT.—In Oliver Heywood's Register is the following entry:—"October 26, 1684. Capt. Taylor's wife, of Brighouse, buried in her garden, with head upwards, standing upright, by her husband, daughter, etc., Quakers."—*Watson's History of Halifax, p. 264.*

AN AMERICAN DOCTRESS.

The medical community of Paris has been set a talking, by the arrival of the celebrated American doctor, Miss Blackwell. The lady has quite bewildered the learned faculty, by her diploma, all in due form authorizing her to dose and bleed and amputate with the best of them. Some of them are certain that Miss Blackwell is a Socialist of the most furious class, and that her undertaking is the entering wedge to a systematic attack on society by the fair sex. Others who have seen her, say that there is nothing very alarming in her manner, that, on the contrary, she appears modest and unassuming, and talks reasonably on other subjects. The ladies attack her in their turn. One of them said to me, the other day, "Oh, it is too horrid; I'm sure I never could touch her hand; Only to think that those long fingers of hers had been cutting up people!" I have seen the doctor in question, and must say, in fairness, that her appearance is quite prepossessing. She is young, and rather good looking; her manner indicates great energy of character; and she seems to have entered on her singular career from motives of duty, and encouraged by respectable ladies at Cincinnati. After about ten days' hesitation on the part of the Directors of the Hospital of Maternity, she has at last received the permission to enter that institution as a pupil.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, July 28, 1849.

REMARKS—There has been more activity in the market during the past week, and the weather has been clear and cool. The late foreign news have imparted more buoyancy to the Cotton market, and prices have farther advanced. In Breadstuffs the transactions have been limited. There has been an increased demand for Sugar, and the sales have been large, at advanced prices. The trade in Dry Goods is slowly improving, and should the cholera subside, it is generally anticipated that a good fall business will be done. In Exchange there has been but little doing; we quote Sterling Bills at 109a109.

Among the exports to foreign ports during the past week, we notice the following articles:

Cotton, bales,	896	Flour, barrels,	5,794
Bark, hhds,	48	Rye Flour, "	296
Pork, bbls,	60	Corn Meal, "	960
Bacon, lbs,	13,319	Biscuit, "	165
Lard, "	136,787	Wheat, bushels,	12 371
Tobacco, hhds,	55	Corn, "	15,511
Sugar, boxes,	514	Domestics, pkgs,	47

FLOUR AND MEAL—The export demand for Flour has been limited, but the light supplies and reduced stocks enable holders to obtain full rates. Sales of 6a7,000 barrels, old stock, recently inspected and fresh, at $4,75; choice brands $4,81¼a4,87½, and extra at $5 per bbl. 1,000 bbls to be ground from old and new Wheat at $5. For city consumption there is a moderate demand, and prices range from $4,75 to 5,25. Rye Flour is in limited demand, and only 6a700 bbls sold at $3. Corn Meal—Sales of 2Ka1,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,75, and a small lot at $2,87½ per barrel.

Inspections of Flour and Meal during the week ending July 26, 1849:

Wheat Flour	bbls	9,112
do.	half bbls	210
Rye Flour	bbls	781
Corn Meal	bbls	882
Corn "	half bbls	30

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been unusually small, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 10a12,000 bushels, (part new crop) good and prime red, at $1,00a1,06, and inferior and prime white at $1,05a1,12, but principally at $1,10. Rye—Sales of 300 bushels Pennsylvania at 58c per bushel. Corn—The supply has been quite light, and the demand has fallen off since the receipt of the Europa's advices. Sales of 10a12,000 bushels yellow at 60c; one or two lots at 61; part in store; white 58, and a lot of red and yellow mixed at 59c per 56 lbs. Oats are in moderate demand and prices stationary; sales of 4,000 bushels good Southern at 30c, and Pennsylvania at 33a35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There is a better demand for Pork. Small sales of Mess at $11, and Prime at $9 75.—Some holders will not accept these prices. Beef—City packed Mess is scarce. Small sales for ship stores at $13,50a14 per bbl. There has been an active demand for all descriptions of Bacon, and prices have further advanced. Sales of 330 casks plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 9¼a10; Sides 5¼a5½, and Shoulders at 5¼a5¾, now held at 6c. Lard is in fair demand, and prices steady. Sales of 300 bbls, 3,000 kegs at 7½a8c per lb. In Butter and Cheese no large sales have transpired.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been rather more activity in the market this week, and an increased demand for the supply of the Western dealers. Some 400 packages of bleached and brown Cotton Goods have been taken for export, and prices are firmer, in consequence of the recent advance in the raw material.

BARK—Quercitron Bark is in good demand, and the stock on hand is nearly exhausted. Sales of 120 hhds No. 1 at $29, and a small lot of No. 2 at $27 per ton. Two cargoes of Spanish Oak sold at $15a16 per cwt.

BEESWAX—Demand good and prices steady at 21 cts per pound for yellow, at which 35a40,000 lbs have been taken.

CANDLES—Small sales of Sperm at 31a33½c, and Adamantine at 28 cts per lb. In Tallow Candles no change.

COTTON—There has been a moderate demand for Cotton this week, but the high prices demanded by holders, in consequence of the favorable news from Europe, has restricted operations. Sales of 1,100 bales New Orleans and Mobile at 9a10¼c for ordinary and fair quality; and Upland at 9a10c per lb, showing an advance of ¼a½c upon last week's quotations.

COAL—The supplies both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines have been moderate. The demand for shipment has been to a fair extent, and some of the dealers are accepting lower prices. We quote Schuylkill White Ash Lump at $1,77a3,87½, and Red Ash at $4,10a4,45 per ton. In Lehigh Coal no change. The last sale of Allegheny Bituminous Coal was at 16c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been quiet and prices are nearly stationary. Sales of 2,430 bags Maracaibo, on private terms; 250 Rio, and 100 bbls Porto Rico at 7a7¼c both on time.

COPPER—Prices are steady at 21a21½c for Sheathing, and 18c per lb for Yellow Metal, with limited sales.

FEATHERS are scarce and wanted. We quote fair and pure Western at 33a34c per lb.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the supplies are coming in pretty freely; no invoice sales have been reported. Small sales from store, Massachusetts No. 1 at $12,50; No. 2 $6,50, and No. 3 at $1,25; Halifax 1s at $11; 2s at $4,25, and 3s at $1 per bbl. No large sales of Codfish.

GINSENG—But little offering; sales of 1,000 lbs good Crude at 30c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Is in limited demand; sales of 120 tons Peruvian at $43 per ton, which is a decline; and Patagonia at $35a37, on time.

HEMP—The market has been inactive, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—No sales have transpired this week; an import of Buenos Ayres sold in New York for this market at 10c per lb. 6 mos.

HOPS—Continue exceedingly dull; small sales of 1st sort Eastern at 7a8c per lb.

INDIGO—The demand continues limited, but prices are unchanged. Small sales of Kurpah at 95c per lb, on time.

IRON—The foreign news is unfavorable for Iron, and has added increased inactivity to the market. No sales of American Pig Iron have been reported. An import of 103 tons No. 1 Scotch Pig sold at $21 per ton, 6 mos. Manufactured Iron is dull. We quote Boiler Plates at 4a5c per lb.

LEAD—The market is entirely bare of Pig Lead in first hands, and no large sales have transpired.

LEATHER—Prices are steady. Slaughter Leather is scarce, while the supply of Spanish Sole is moderate, and about equal to the demand.

LUMBER—There is but little activity in the market. Sales of Carolina Flooring Boards at $16a18 per M feet. A cargo of 300,000 Calais Laths at $1,25, and some Bangor at $1,30 per M. A cargo of Spruce Joist at $11 per M feet.

MOLASSES—The demand has been limited, but prices are firm. Sales of 90 hhds Porto Rico at 27c, and a small lot of New Orleans at 28c on time.

NAVAL STORES—The market has been quiet. A sale of 103 bbls No. 1 Soap Rosin at $2,75 per bbl. No large sales of Tar or Pitch have been reported. There has been an increased demand for Spirits of Turpentine, and 200 bbls sold at 33a34 cts, cash and time, part from the wharf.

OILS—There has been more doing. Sales of 800 bbls Crude Whale at 37a40c for common and select quality. In Sperm Oil no change. There is a better demand for Lard Oil, and 150 bbls sold at 58a60, on time, but principally at the lowest rates. Linseed Oil is in moderate demand at 60a61c in casks and bbls.

PLASTER—Two cargo sales of soft at $2,12½a2,20, and one of hard at $1,94 per ton.

RICE—Is in moderate demand, and prices fully maintained. Sales of 250 tcs, in lots, at 3¼a¾c per lb.

SUGAR—There has been an active demand for Sugar, and the sales have been large at an advance of fully ¼c per lb. They comprise 2 a 2,300 hhds New Orleans at 4¼a5¼c; Cuba 4½a4¾; Porto Rico 5a6¼; and 1,500 bags white Brazil at about 6¼c per lb, all on time.

SALT—A cargo of St. Martin's has arrived and been disposed of at 18½c per bushel.

SEEDS—In Clover and Timothy no large sales have been reported. Flaxseed continues to come in slowly, and sells on arrival at $1,35, measure, and $1 0

SALTPETRE—Sales of 100 bags Crude, in lots, at 6c per lb.

SPICES—Limited sales, at steady prices.

SPIRITS—There has been an increased demand for Brandy, but prices are unchanged. Gin—Small sales of Behlou's at $1,35. N. E. Rum is scarce, and has advanced to 28 cts. Whiskey is not so much inquired after; sales of 4a500 bbls at 25a16½, and hhds at 24½a24c.

TALLOW—Small sales of Rendered at 7½a8c per lb as in quality.

TEAS—In Green Teas no change. Black Teas are scarce, and prices are fully maintained.

TOBACCO—The demand for Leaf Tobacco is limited, but prices are firm; sales of 60a70 hhds Kentucky at 4a6c per lb. In Manufactured Tobacco no change.

WINES—There is rather more inquiry for Port Wine, but otherwise we have no change to notice.

WOOL—The receipts have been moderate this week. The demand is limited, but the light prices ruling in the West enables holders to realize former prices—sales of 120,000 lbs, in small lots, at previous rates.

FREIGHTS—Foreign are dull. We quote to Liverpool, Flour, 3s per bbl; Grain, 7d per bushel; Heavy Goods 25a30s per ton. To Southern ports there is scarcely anything offering, and the rates are nominal. Colliers are scarce, and the rates are rather higher. We quote to Boston $1,31¼a1,37½; Providence and Fall River $1,12½a1,18¾; and to New York 90a100 cts per ton.—*Inquirer.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1849.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

We copy the following interesting report made by the Superintendent of the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, in the first place because of its interest, and in the second to put on record an account of the small beginnings of a system, which is probably destined to supercede in a great degree the Post-Office Department, so far, at least, as business letters are concerned:

Gen. Moorhead, President Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company.

DEAR SIR—To-morrow forenoon a new organization of the officers of the A. and O. Telegraph Line will be made. Its annual and ordinary meetings are gradually assuming increased importance. No one can see the end of a system which is to bring the poles together, and unite the bands of the people of all zones, and tropics, and tongues. The leer of incredulity meeting the first results of an unseen agent that spake, noiseless, through the dark night, over a few miles of Lancaster county, will, before many years, scarce be seen, when Philadelphia shakes hands with Peru, and London bids Kamskatka "good morning" at the dead of night. The mind is lost in the distant results of the power of genius, opening with its never tiring fingers new avenues for its triumphant progress, where in past years the mind of the Almighty alone was supposed to hold undivided sway.

Time, in the future, will have so heavy a burden to bear, in the rapidity with which telegraph operations will have to be recorded, that it may be useful, at these yearly interviews, to gather up the items of year that has passed, that its progress may be the more clearly marked, and that the generations that succeed may know something of the infancy which commenced their manhood.

Few men, at the first announcement of the discovery of Prof. Morse, could be brought to look upon it as an agent at all suited for the conveyance of despatches of such length and diversity, as to make it a popular commercial or social medium of communication. Even men with pretensions to science and shrewdness saw barriers to its use so limited, as to render it a matter of governmental or scientific charity to construct and employ. Even when endorsed by the names of men of the highest reputation, it is too well known how tardily the subscription papers became filled, and how tardier yet the instalments of the few shares taken were paid into the hungry treasury of the starving contractors.

The subscription papers of the A. and O. Line were first opened at Rochester, N. Y., and four thousand dollars were placed at the disposal of Henry O'Reilly, Esq., in the fall of 1846, for the construction of the first link of what was then called the Atlantic Lake and Mississippi Telegraph Line, and which the united lines, built by that gentleman, now bear. That link was from Lancaster to Harrisburg—Lancaster being the first point agreed upon by the contracting parties for the seaboard terminus of these western lines. The names of the first subscribers were—George Dawson, Alvah Strong, C. D. Ely, J. Child, Henry R. Selden, Samuel S. Selden, and others, who pledged, in addition to their first advances, the necessary means to complete the work until it met the waters of the Ohio.

The advent of Mr. O'Reilly and his suite, at Lancaster, was an era in the history of that steady sided city, as the erection of poles was to the incredulous and astonished farmers of the country, who esteemed railroads an innovation upon their much loved wagons, and to whom the transportation of letters through the air smacked of brimstone and collusion with the world below. But when it became known that the lightning itself was the great agent of transmission, and which Mr. O'Reilly and his imps bottled for use and fingered as freely as the water of the mill; the most extravagant ideas were entertained, and we were looked upon as denizens of another world, come to break the quiet and honest industry, and sobriety of Pennsylvania. Then it was mooted abroad that a pigeon had been killed on the wires, that birds had been found dead underneath it, explosions had been heard in the office, and a humming sound had been heard at midnight from the poles as if some divinity held converse with the winds at that lone hour, and the terror increased. One frightened matron, it was said, fenced a pole carefully, to keep her cow from the contagious touch that would spoil her milk and bewitch her head. Others carefully watched in the distance to see the developments of this last iniquity, while others, more wise, laughed heartily at an undertaking so Quixotic, and which must result so ruinously to its devotees. Still the wire, the first foot of which was erected on a fine starlit morning, upon a pole adjoining the outer bridge at Lancaster, the 10th of November, 1846, kept moving on until, on the evening of the 24th of that month, on a thanksgiving day, the snow blowing piteously through the almost naked streets of Harrisburg, four hungry, dirty, unkempt and unshaven men might have been seen on the verge of the canal, near the railroad depot, with an empty keel and wearied hands, hitching the last thread of the mystic line to the post opposite its destined termination.

It was not until the 5th of January, 1847, however, that the offices were opened for business. They had been ready for that purpose from the 10th of December, previous, at which time the necessary machinery was first received; but these had been sent back to the maker, on account of a claim being made in connection with their provision, which Mr. O'Reilly deeming unjust to the rights of Prof. Morse, refused to acknowledge; preferring to wait the arrival of others bearing the stamp of Mr. Morse's own approval. No man ever acted, in these unitary steps, with better faith for the rights of all the parties interested.

As might have been expected, the result of our first operations was very small. The receipts of the great government line upon its first day of public use, were one cent; but Harrisburg, brighter than Washington, saw the clear visage of a dime, and sister Lancaster gloried in the possession of a fip. The two depositaries were David Brooks at Lancaster, and J. D. Reid at Harrisburg, who were both so entrusted without bond to be the treasurers of the line's receipts. The fruits of the day's business were appropriated, by general consent, to the celebration of the auspicious event.

Gradually the business crept space until, after the laborious efforts of a month, the two treasurers going nightly in the happy possession of half dollars, and some times happier still in whole dollars, which were wrapped carefully aside for the demands of the landlord and the washerwoman.

The line was first built with copper wire, and insulation of a kind found to be wholly unsuited to the purpose. After the lapse of two months, during which much interruption was experienced from breaks and rains, the line was suspended and reconstructed and extended to Philadelphia with a superior insulation, and with a heavy iron-strand iron wire—of great power, and made under Mr. O'Reilly's orders and risk for that purpose. In justice to that gentleman, it should be said, that he was the first, as one, to propose and see iron as a telegraphic outdoor conductor, and which has since entirely superseded the use of copper, and given strength and reliability to telegraphic structures. With copper, every howl of the wind produced destruction, and two days scarcely passed without difficulty of some character to stop operations. Now six months passes by with no interruption of the steady pursuit of business, and the intercourse is rarely broken, save by falling trees, or accumulating sleet, or the burning of the wire by the lightning, and the shatter of the poles. Such a change deserves this chronicle.

When the line was re-opened on the 17th of September, 1846, the Philadelphia office being in the Merchants' Exchange, business began to assume a new aspect; business men sought its facilities, and what had been a scare crow and chimera, began to be treated as a confidential servant whose abilities had been overlooked, and who, therefore, merited increased kindness and consideration. It was a great relief to the days of dimes and half dollars, and the happy operator began to feel his rags, and dress himself in decent apparel. Even his board bills were sure of payment.

Men began to see the utility and capacity of the system. The seaboard was in operation. Transactions in distant cities were completed in as many hours, as it had required days previously. Ruinous sales were stopped when the hammer was raised to strike the last call of the auctioneer. Notes were paid at the Bank by telegraph as the distant door closed on its hinges. Lovers talked softly over the wires, and were joined by unseen hands; and happy families were convulsed with the joyous news of the birth of distant nieces and nephews, the account of which the lumbering stage bore too slowly to be endured. Money was now accessible; new agents took hold of the enterprise and secured to Mr. O'Reilly fresh supplies. Its early stockholders and pioneers also sent liberal sums, and on went the pole raisers and wire pullers to the iron city of the Ohio, uniting, on the 1st of January, 1847, in most loving and iron bonds, Pittsburg with her dark, honest and smoky visage, to her fairer and more accomplished sister Philadelphia.

From that day a new sun rose on the western telegraph. The receipts gradually and quickly augmented, the great transportation interest of the West seized its facilities, and the affairs of the line at once assumed importance and value. The statistics of the Treasurer show the progress of the line's operations.

On the 1st of August, the first dividend was declared, being fifty cents per share from the earnings of the preceding five months, amounting at that date, after paying all expenses of every kind, to about $3 100 in the hands of the Treasurer. A further dividend of eighty-three and one-third cent per share, was paid on the 1st of January succeeding on the preceeding five months—the fruits of the previous ten months having been shown by the Superintendent's report to be as follows:

Total receipts			18,074 43
Paid New York Line	1,670 44		
Cincinnati Line	1,387 30		
		3,057 74	
Expenses		$6 987 33	
			10 045 07
Profits paid to the Treasurer			$8 029 36

The line had thus paid one dollar and thirty-three and one-third cents per share from its first ten month's business under the organization, and promising still more fruitful results on the opening of lines already determined upon beyond. The stock was held at par.

The interest shown in the re-organization of the line July 31, 1848, showed the enhanced value of the undertaking. Men do not contend hard for what is profitless. On the 31 of July, 1848, there was considerable interest shown, and some sparring. No blood was shed. Pittsburg provided a presiding genius in yourself. Philadelphia hung to her tired friend Mr. McKee, and he was elected Secretary and Treasurer. At the same time a dividend of one dollar and thirty-three and one-third cents per share was declared from the earnings of the previous six months. Stock sold at $20 premium.

The result of the whole business from the organization to the 1st of January, 1849, was as follows:

Total receipts		$60,165 48
Paid other lines	$17 309 29	
Expenses	20 502 34	
		37 910 81
Total profits of 20 months		$22,254 67

From that time (the close of 1848) to the present, the line has steadily been securing itself upon public confidence. During the last six months the line has not been suspended over five days, from all causes united. The expenses, however, have been large, from the necessity of many repairs, to secure the line from anticipated future damage. These have been so limited as due regard to permanence and efficiency would permit or justify. There is still much to be done to make the line as reliable as it should be. The dividends, with all this expenditure, have been sustained; fifty cents per share having been paid on the 1st of January, 1849, and a like dividend on the first of the present month.

The increase of business, and the demand for increased despatch in the prosecution of business, urgently require a second wire over a part or the whole of the line. The facts regarding this want, I have already stated to you. They are apparent and need no new exposition.

To do the business of the Far West, and a mass of business which New Orleans must shortly pour in upon us, it is of the utmost importance that the union of the lines from Philadelphia to Louisville, as agreed upon at the Convention at Columbus, should be consummated. The A. and O. Line derives its chief source of revenue from the West; conflicting lines are there, striving to seize our hard earned reputation and business, and we must give a direct union with the seaboard, to preserve and sustain the acknowledged superiority which the two lines, now under your Presidency, already bear. The points of advantage have already been fully canvassed. They are left with you to prove, in such a form as your judgment may approve.

Many minor recommendations, properly presented to a Board of Directors, may be made at a fitting time. The two matters alluded to—a second wire and the union of the lines—are paramount and should be canvassed with deliberation and care.

The second wire may be erected either from the earnings of the line, and increase of the capital, or a temporary increase to be gradually reduced by the re-purchase of stock by the Company, as its funds may permit.

I have written to you at greater length, than I had proposed and have yet much to communicate, but forbear. I think, without flattery, I can congratulate the Stockholders, through you, on the harmony, efficiency, honor and acceptability of the line. I see nothing in the future to mar its prospects if its friends are true to its interests and each other.

Yours, very respectfully,
J. D. REID, Superintendent.

MR. POLK.

A controversy between several religious papers in Tennessee, has led to the following correction of some statements in relation to Mr. Polk's last days, that have had a pretty extensive circulation.

The Nashville Christian Advocate (Methodist) of the 20th ult., copies the narrative of Mr. Polk's last days, that originally appeared in the New York Herald, and makes some material corrections in that narrative. The Advocate gives an article from Rev. J. B. McFerrin, of the Methodist Church, in regard to that narrative, from which we learn that the statement in regard to Mr. Polk's having asked Dr. Edgar, of the Presbyterian Church, to baptize him, is incorrect—also that the statement that Mr. Polk promised "his friend, years ago, when he was Governor, that when he did embrace Christianity, he (Mr. McFerrin) should baptize him," is incorrect. Mr. McFerrin also corrects the statement that Mr. Polk asked his mother's consent to be baptized by him. He says she knew his preferences were for the Methodist Church, and although a Presbyterian, yet she gave her approval of his determination to join that Church, like a true and liberal Christian. Mr. McFerrin adds:

It is true that the undersigned did baptize Mr. Polk in the presence of the Rev. Dr. Edgar and the Rev. Mr. Mack, who were both present by the request of Mr. Polk, and the family, and that he did likewise administer to him the Lord's Supper, Dr. E. and Mr. Mack both partaking of the emblems, with several other pious friends; and I take pleasure in saying that both of the Rev. gentlemen displayed on the occasion a truly genuine Christian spirit, and rejoiced that their friend had been made partaker by faith of the benefits of the great atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. The scene was solemn and deeply interesting.

I will conclude these remarks by stating, that in every thing the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed, without, so far as I know, a single jar or discordant sentiment. Mr. Polk himself professed to have obtained pardon for all his sins, and the purification of his heart through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and from the time that he realized this great blessing and attached himself to the Church and received the sacraments, he never expressed the slightest doubt, but with meekness and humility, praised the Lord for His abundant mercy, and with unwavering confidence reposed upon the Saviour, and died in full assurance of a glorious immortality.

Mr. McFerrin appends to his article, a letter from Rev. Dr. Edgar, of the Presbyterian Church, fully endorsing all his statements, and going to show that Mr. Polk's connection with the Methodist Church, was the result of "his own denominational preferences, and not of any political sympathies." It is proper to state that the controversy to which we have referred, is not between the Presbyterian and Methodist journals, but between the Tennessee Baptist and the Methodist papers of that State.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 415—adults 218, and children 197.

Clippings.

☞ "One of the most important duties of the members of Congress, is to frank letters for the ladies of Washington." So a beautiful and accomplished lady of that "city of magnificent distances" says.

☞ Women love flowers, and flowers are like women in their beauty and sweetness, so they ought to grow up together. No flower-garden looks complete without a woman in it, and no woman ever seems so lovely as when she is surrounded by flowers.

☞ The New York Mirror expresses its opinion, that in proportion to the number of pledges taken by Father Mathew, the number taken by pawnbrokers will decrease.

☞ At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who is often a little absent, observed, gravely, "I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

☞ Messrs. Flynn & Curran are making arrangements for starting a new paper in Baltimore, which is designed to advocate the claims of Col. Benton for the Presidency.

☞ Corns may be removed by simply walking away with them. To make the cure permanent, don't come back yourself.

☞ Two Dutchmen, travelling, took up camp together, at night. Being much wearied by their day's march, they soon fell asleep. After they had slept some time, one of them was awakened by a thunder storm. He got up much affrighted, and called to his companion to arise, as the day of judgment had come. "Lie down, lie down, you fool," said the other, "do you think as how de day of shudgment would come in de night?"

☞ A roll of canvass fell off the stern of a steamboat, and a man jumped in after it. Being in for a *duck*, he was bound to have the *canvass back*.

☞ On the 14th June, Mrs. Butterfield, of Hitchen, England, presented her husband with their twenty-fourth child, about a month after the twenty-third anniversary of their wedding-day!

☞ In the District School at Sandwich, last winter, the master informed a little girl that Sunday was the first day of the week, and inquired of her—

"What day is Monday?"

"It's washing day, sir," she answered.

☞ "Goodness!" said Mrs. Partington, "what monsters them cotton planters must be. I'm told one of 'em has as many as a hundred *hands*."

☞ The disappointed office seekers intend to hold a meeting in New York, to protest against some recent appointments. A meeting of this kind would be largely attended both in New York and this city. Where one expectant gets an office, twenty are disappointed.

☞ The Rev. Loring Haven, near Utica, on Sunday week, cut his throat. He had been married a week.

☞ What is a fool who has made his fortune? A pig embarrassed by his fat.

☞ The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way in which he would train up the child.

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

I change, and so do women, too;
But I reflect—which women never do.

ANSWERED BY A LADY.

If women reflected, oh scribbler, declare,
What man—faithless man—would be bless'd by the fair?

☞ In Shakspeare vice never walks as in a twilight. Nothing is purposely out of its place. He inverts not the order of nature and propriety; does not make every magistrate a drunkard or a glutton; nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate. He has no benevolent butchers, nor any sentimental rat-catchers.—*Coleridge.*

☞ Happy is the man whose wife is Fanny, in this hot weather.

☞ An artificial sea-serpent, prepared by some wags at Newport, created great consternation among the bathers a few days ago, by its sudden appearance in the midst of them.

Oh! we are querulous creatures! little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—*Coleridge.*

☞ When Dr. Johnson was asked whether he believed Dr. Dodd capable of writing dissertations when under sentence of death? "Why, yes, sir," said he, "when a man knows he is to be hung, it wonderfully concentrates his ideas."

☞ The Connecticut dame, the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "La me!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen; *mostly boys and gals!*"

☞ There is a man in Illinois named Barrow, who has changed his politics so often that he has now got the soubriquet of *wheel-Barrow*.

☞ Tennessee has prepared a block of marble of the proper shape and dimensions for the National Monument at Washington.

☞ When General Jackson was in Lowell there were four *miles* of girls who turned out to welcome him. How many *feet* were there in one of the *miles*?

☞ What a sacrifice of good things, and of the patience and comfort of human beings, a cumbrous modern dinner is! I always long to get up and walk about."

☞ A clergyman ought to have a far greater proportion to live upon than any other man of an equal condition. He is not bred to multiply threepences; it becomes him not to live mechanically and sordidly; he must be given to hospitality.

☞ "Letters from San Francisco, bearing dates April 23d, and May 1st," read out our Mrs. Partington in the office to day. "Now du tell! what a growing climate they must have in Californy, when even Sam's letters bear dates in April and May, before our garding seas begins to sprout, but I 'spose it's all on account of its being in the topical legions," and Mrs. P. went off into a comparison between the "temperate and horvid zones."

☞ A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none."—"Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's *very long since*."

☞ Dubuque, Iowa, it is said, contains four thousand inhabitants, five thousand dogs, and fifty colonels.

☞ "A person who could eat sawdust bread," observes the Ulster Gazette, "might be boarded very cheap, even though he should eat a deal for breakfast, and a deal more at dinner."

☞ A lady correspondent wants to know from the editor of the Newark Mercury, if he considers the practice of ladies using *rouge* respectable?—He replies, "No ma'am, we don't, for it raises the dickens with a fellow's lips."

☞ The Bostonians are not yet satisfied that it is the cholera of which people die in that city so suddenly. The Traveller mentions a disease *resembling* cholera which had broken out in the House of Industry.

☞ Who ever knew a driver to commit a blunder that he didn't wallop his horse for it?

☞ In the height of Mr. Hudson's popularity (the English railway king) ninety thousand dollars were subscribed to buy him a residence. The place selected was Albert Gate House. This is now offered for sale by the Committee of Presentation.

☞ The Emperor of Russia recently convoked the Bishops of the Empire. He said the "true faith exists in Russia alone. The Pope is a good man, his intentions are excellent, but savor too much of the spirit of the age."

☞ The London *Era* describes a full-grown dog, of the terrier breed, which is six months old, weighs thirteen ounces, is smaller than a good-sized rat, and can kill a mouse.

Miscellaneous.

REFINEMENTS OF RUSSIAN TYRANNY.

From a Review in the June number of Blackwood of A. Blanc's Histoire des Conspirations et des Executions Politiques.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S WEDDING.

If we are frequently shocked, in the course of M. Blanc's third volume, by the tyrannical and brutal cruelty of the Russian sovereigns, we are also repeatedly disgusted by the servility and patient meanness of those who suffered from it. We behold Muscovite nobles of high rank and descent, cringing under the wanton torments inflicted on them by their oppressor, and submitting to degradations to which death, one would imagine, were, to any free spirited man, fifty times preferable. As an example, we will cite the conduct of a Prince Galitzin, who, after long exile in Germany, where he had become a convert to the Romish Church, solicited and obtained permission to return to his country. This was in 1740, under the reign of the dissolute and cruel Czarina Anne. The paramours and flatterers who composed the court of that licentious princess, urged her to inflict on the new-made papist the same punishment that had been suffered by a noble named Venitzin, who had turned Jew, and had been burned alive, or rather roasted at a slow fire. Anne refused, but promised the courtiers they should not be deprived of their sport.

The same day, Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages; a few days later he received a notification that the Empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of the third buffoon. "The custom of buffoons," says an historian, "was then in full force in Russia; the Empress had six, *three of whom were of very high birth*, and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tomfooleries required of them by her or her favorites, she had them punished with the *battogues*." The Empress appeared well satisfied with the manner in which the Prince fulfilled his new duties; and as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected for the poor wretch's bride, the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself arranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century; and, at great expense the Empress had a palace built of ice. Not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages.

Anne and all her court conducted the newly-married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer; the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When everybody had entered the singular edifice, the ball began. It probably did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence; they were undressed, with the exception of their under garments, and were compelled to lie down on the bed of ice, without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day! But when the next day came they had to be carried out; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days.

A PRIZE LOST.

A few days ago, as the packet ship Hottinguer, Capt. Bursley, came up to the wharves at the foot of Fulton Street, with an immense cargo of passengers, "all well," two very smart officers of the New York Police came aboard, to pay certain international respects to some unfortunate criminal (in the eye of the law,) from the other side. They searched and searched, and looked and looked, at every "Greek" who presented himself, until one noble-looking fellow of stalwart frame and well-fashioned limb, passed in review.

"Halloo!" said the New York officer, "your name, sir, if you please."

"Welsh," said the interrogated.

"No," said the officer, "that's an assumed title."

"'Tis true, it is assumed," said a very pretty woman, coming up, and appearing very much agitated, "but not (with great emphasis) for any disgraceful or dishonorable crime."

The gentleman was transfixed. He could not move an inch.

"What is your name?" said the officer.

"Walker," was the response. "I was engaged in the unfortunate troubles in Ireland, and put in the Hue-and-cry. I thought I was free when I landed on the soil of America; if I am not, I yield myself up your prisoner."

"By heaven," said the officer, "you mistake me; I have nothing to do with such matters. If, as a political martyr, you have escaped to this free land, here's my hand for you, and a hearty welcome; and if you or the lady there want money, here is my purse, and if you come along with me, you shall have as much as you require."

Mrs. Walker and her daughter (a beautiful girl of 17,) wept tears of joyful thankfulness, and they all cried out together they were not disappointed in their expectations of the "glorious Land of Liberty." Captain Bursley told the story in a very few words. He said that a lady came on board his vessel with four or five children, who wanted passage from Liverpool to New York. He took them into the cabin and became very much interested in them. In three or four days after the vessel had been at sea, a passenger in peasant's dress presented himself on the quarter deck, and asked for Mrs. Walker.

"What do you want with her, friend?"

"She'll tell you, Captain, dear, when she sees me," said the steerage passenger, with a leer in his eye.

Mrs. W. was invited upon deck, and the moment she saw the "Tipperary boy," in his freize jacket, she ran and threw herself into his arms.

"D—h queer!" said the Captain.

"Very quare, intirely, Captain," said Walker "Julia, here, is nothing short of my wife. I escaped Johnny Bull's hemp, thank God; and if you have no objection, I'll spend the remainder of the voyage with you as a cabin passenger."

Capt. Bursley looked at the freize coat. Mrs. Walker spoke eloquently of better clothing through her beautiful eyes, and the ci-devant peasant was regularly installed as a cabin passenger. The Captain of the Hottinguer says that a gayer fellow or more perfect gentleman never navigated the Atlantic with him, than the Irish outlaw and felon-chief. Walker and family "went West" two days after they landed in New York.—*N. Y. Paper.*

General News.

SECESSION FROM THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—There was a public secession from the German Catholic Church, on Sunday evening of last week, of between two and three hundred, and a new organization formed, denominated the Primitive Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Giustiana. The ceremonies took place at the Pearl Street Church, (late Dr. Lord's) and are represented by those present to have been highly interesting. Mr. Giustiana has been laboring here for some time past—calling his flock the "Free Catholic Church"—and has had much success in converting large numbers to his views. We are not advised of the points of difference, except that the new organization adopt the Bible as a book of general instruction among its people—in opposition to its exclusion by the old church.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Advertiser, July 18.*

HOW STRONG MINDS ARE MADE WEAK.—In the Police Court, on Saturday, a man was charged with being a common drunkard. The same man was once publisher and editor of a leading political paper in this city. He has sat at the private boards of Webster and Clay, and sipped their wine. At the Inauguration of Harrison, he might have been seen standing in the East Front of the Capital at Washington, with the strongest men of the nation. He mingled in fashionable life, drank deep of its pleasures, and fell a victim to them. Reduced in circumstances, he wandered from his home, leaving his family to look out for themselves. Becoming destitute, and frequently frantic with delirium tremens, he has at last been arraigned on a charge of being a common drunkard, to which he plead guilty.—*Boston Chronotype.*

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—It has been widely reported through the press, that Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D., has been admitted as a pupil, to the Hospital of Maternity, in Paris, after a hesitation of about ten days on the part of the Directors. It might be inferred that the admission of a female practitioner to that institution was a novelty, which is far from being the fact. The late Madame Boivin, M. D., and Madame Lachapelle, M. D., superintended, in that Hospital, about twenty thousand obstetric cases each; lectured and wrote large works on all departments of practice pertaining to their own sex, to which fountains of knowledge our physicians go for instruction, as well they may on such subjects.

CHURCH DESTROYERS.—On the 15th ult., some twelve hundred "citizens" of Charleston, S. C., repaired to a church recently erected by blacks for the purpose of Divine Worship, with the intention of tearing it down. The Mayor of the city interfered, and succeeded, according to the account, "in getting them, at any rate, to postpone the pulling down;" but a public meeting was to have been held on the 10th, "to discuss the expediency of doing so." It is added that "the military were out in full force, but if they had been ordered to protect the church, they would have refused."

A DEVOTED MISSIONARY.—A Missionary of the American Board, at Bombay, having acquired a thorough knowledge of the Mahratta, the English East India Company offered him a salary of $13,000 if he would relinquish his calling, and aid them in writing and making contracts with the natives. On his peremptory refusal, they offered him $50 per week if he would afford them occasional assistance two hours in a day. This offer he also rejected, saying no money would tempt him to relinquish the work he was sent to perform.

CHOLERA AMONG THE HOGS.—The Cincinnati papers state that hogs, and even horses, in the streets, have been smitten with the cholera, and died. The Louisville Courier learns from the officers of the mail boat, that Mr. Crutchfield, living about fifty miles below Cincinnati, lost about fifty of his hogs in a single night, the hogs apparently suffering great pain, and in continued cramps and spasms.

THE DEATH PUNISHMENT.—The New Hampshire Legislature has so changed the law inflicting the punishment of death, that no convicted prisoner shall be executed until a year has been passed in confinement—and then his punishment may be commuted by the Governor and Council.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—A locomotive and cars were despatched over thirty-two miles of this great work on Monday week, from Harrisburg to Millerstown. In another month the road will be opened to Lewistown, and the trains will be more regular.

☞ The coinage of gold dollars at the mint in this city has reached $1,764,530. The gold coined for the first six months of this year is $2,175,370. The silver $168,300. Copper $25,805.80. Bullion in the mint $1,339,087.

Varieties.

SWIMMING.

MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

On Thursday evening a most interesting swimming match came off at the Holborn baths, for the championship of England, in the presence of a large assemblage of the admirers of this useful art. His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, had been memorialized by the members of the swimming club to be present on the occasion, but his royal highness was prevented by a previous engagement, which was announced in a letter to the Secretary of the club. The race, which was open to all the world, G. Powters alone excepted, by previous championship, consisted of four heats, the three trial heats being 200 yards each, and the fourth and grand heat 300 yards. The prizes consisted of a Leander massive gold medal, with chain attached, for the championship, value 10gs., a Leander silver medal to the second, and a second class silver medal to the third. In the first heat, a brilliant race, a dead heat was announced between Walker and Robinson both of whom were allowed to compete in the grand struggle; the second heat was gained by Ainsworth; and the third by Young. For the grand heat Messrs. Roberson (the favorite at 5 to 2 against all the rest), Robinson, Walker, Young, Ainsworth, and Young, Jr., entered; Roberson shot forth after the first 10 yards at a tremendous pace, and kept the lead the whole of the way, coming in the winner by about seven yards. A splendid race was made of it by Robinson and Ainsworth, the former winning only by a quarter of a yard. To these three the prizes were awarded. Mr. Harold Kenworthy, the swimming master, G. Powters, and other first-rate swimmers, then greatly delighted the company by a display of ornamental swimming. The accommodations at the baths reflect the greatest credit upon Mr. Hodgman, the proprietor.—*Bell's Life.*

☞ An Irishman who lives with a Grahamite, writes to a friend, that if he wants to know what "illigant livin'" is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30th.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head—Beeves are selling from $6 to 7 per 100 pounds. Hogs—There were about 500 in the market. Sales from $4 to 5 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 202 sold as follows: $ 3 to 35 for fresh $15 to 25 for springers, and $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4—the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, July 30th.—Offered, 1,300 Beef Cattle, 50 Cows and Calves, and 6,500 Sheep and Lambs. Prices. Sales of Beeves good retailing qualities, at $6 to $8 per cwt. About 100 left over. Cows and Calves—Dull. Prices from $20 to $30 50 (a)$42 50. Unsold, 10. Sheep and Lambs. Sales of Sheep at $1.25a$2 75 to $5.00; Lambs at $1.25 to $3.50. Left over, 200.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 28

There is no material change to note in the Flour market, and the sales are but moderate. About one half of our merchants are out of town, and necessarily the operations in produce are but small. The sales of Flour are 5,300 bbls at $4a4 25 for sour. $4 12½a4,31¼ for [illegible]; $4 68¾a4,81 for ordinary State and Western; $4 87½a4,94 for common State and mixed Western; $4 94a5 00 for straight and $5 06¼a5,18½ for pure Genesee. Included in the above were 3,200 bbls for export which was [illegible]. In Southern the sales are 1 200 barrels at $5, 5 for Baltimore and Alexandria, and $5,31¼a5,37½ for Georgetown. There is but little Rye Flour in market, and the sales are 500 bbls at $3a3,06¼. Meal moved to the same extent at $4,94 for Jersey and [illegible].

ASHES—The sales embrace 50 bbls at $5.87½ for Pots, and $[illegible] for Pearls.

The market for Cotton [illegible].

GRAIN—There is but little doing in Wheat, and the only sale reported is 2,500 bushels Upper Lake at private bargain. For Corn, the market is steady, and the supply continues light. There is a good demand for the East and for completing cargoes. Sales of the day are 25,000 bushels, at 57a58 for Western mixed, 58½a[illegible] for Western yellow, 51c for heated, and 50a[illegible] for round. These quotations could not be obtained were the supply equal to the demand. Rye is better and less plenty. 1 sale of 5,000 bushels was made, to arrive, at 56c. Oats are firmer, with sales at 33a34c.

WHISKEY—The market is firm and the sales are 200 bbls at 24½c for Prison. Some Ohio sold on private terms.

FREIGHTS—There is no movement of importance. The vessel for Havre on the 1st is full at [illegible] and the one for the 5th is filling up at the same price. 3,500 bbls Flour were engaged for Liverpool at 1s. 6d.

PROVISIONS—The market for Ohio Pork is heavy, particularly for mess. The sales are 800 bbls at $10,87½ a $11 for Mess and $9 for Prime. Some choice lots of the latter brought an extra price. Beef remains firm but dull. There is little more inquiry for Lard, and about 150 tcs and 100 kegs changed hands at 7c for strictly prime. In Cut meats 150 hhds plain Hams sold at 6½c, or thereabouts, and 400 bbls Hams, Sides and Shoulders, on terms not made public.

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	106	107	Mechanics'	27½	27½
" '62	110	111	Southwark	70	80
" '67	115½	115¾	Kensington	61	63
" '68	116	117	P Township	29½	30
" 5s '53	101	101½	Girard	12½	12¾
Int due 1 July off			Western	57½	58½
" 5s '51	—	100	Man & Mechs	26½	26
U S Tr N 6s	115	116	Bk of Com	51	50
" 1 mill	114	—	Camden N J	30	—
Philada 6s	103	104½	Germantown	58	—
" 5s	90	—	Trenton Bkg Co	70	—
" " Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	51	—
County 5s	85	86	M & M, Pitts	48½	50
Penna 6s	90	93½	Exchange, Pitts	45	—
" 5s	87½	88	Com, Cincin	38	—
Kentucky 6s	—	105	Louisville, Ky	95	96
Tennessee 5s	85½	86	Kentucky Bk	99½	100
Illinois 6s	44	—	*Northern	103	105
Cincinnati 6s	95	96	Union, Tenn	50½	51
Texas T. Notes	8	10	Planters, Tenn	53	—
" bds 8s	—	—	Vicksburg	16½	16½
Schuyl N 6s	51½	51½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" Int	36	—	N O Gas Bk	110	114
Lehigh N 6s	66½	67	Schuylkill Nav	18	20
" Int loan	35	37	Lehigh Nav	26½	27½
" Mort 6s	88	89	C & Del Cl	79	80
C & Del Cl 6s	89	89½	Morris Cl	8½	8¾
C & Am R bds	97	98	Penn & Ohio Cl	30	30
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	10½	11½
Susqueh Cl 6s	36	37½	Cam & Am R	134	135
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	39½	40
Harrisburg R 6s	90	—	Bea Mdw R	20½	21½
Wil R 6s	87½	88	Lykens Val R	25	—
Read R 6s	61½	63½	North Am Cl	—	19
" Mort 6s	66	66½	Susqueh Cl	11	11½
U S Bk Notes	89	90	Norristown R	15½	17½
U S Bk Shares	2½	2¾	Harrisburg R	48½	50
N Amer Bk	124	124½	Wilmington R	27½	28
Penna Bk	109	110*	Reading R	18½	18½
Philadelphia	128	129	Minehill R	65	67
Far & Mec	61	61½	N Liberty Gas	23	25
Commercial	56	57	Flem Copper	5	—
N Liberty	45	—	N J Copper	—	—

* Shares been divided into 2 shares.

ALMANAC.

July, 1849.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
				D H M
4 Saturday,	5 0	7 9	1 14	
5 Sunday,	5 1	6 59	2 0	
6 Monday,	5 2	6 58	3 47	
7 Tuesday,	5 3	6 57	4 34	
8 Wedn'sday,	5 4	6 56	5 21	Full 3 10 45
9 Thursday,	5 5	6 55	6 9	Last 11 8 26
10 Friday,	5 6	6 54	6 59	New 18 1 27
11 Saturday,	5 7	6 53	7 51	First 25 11 53

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 21,	75	78	82
23,	74	83	87
24,	75	82	87
25,	72	75	81
26,	70	83	88
27,	77	80	83
28,	71	72	74

Marriages.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. FREDERICK A. DIEZER, to Miss ELLEN HALLMAN, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. THOMAS HAMILTON, to Miss MARY CAMERON, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the same, Mr. BLACKFORD C. WORTHINGTON, to Miss MARGARET ANN GLENN, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. G. B. Ide, D. D., SAML. M. ALEXANDER, Esq. of North Carolina, to Mrs. ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER, of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ult. at the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. E. H. Canfield, FRANCIS D. WAY, to Miss FANNY CHAMBERS, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, STACY H. MULL, to KATE VANDERSLICE, both of this city.

On the 5th ult. by the Rev. E. Neville, EDWARD C. ANDREWS, to MARY A. STONER, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by Mayor Smith, at the American House, Mr. RICHARD C. WALKER, Jr. of this city, to Miss MARTHA A. daughter of James Wood, of Conshehocken, Pa.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. F. F. Mayer, S. HARVEY THOMAS, to ANNIE, daughter of George Greiner.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. G. B. Ide, D. D., Mr. WM. KEGISTER, to Miss ANNA SHEETS, both of this city.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, WM. S. MATHEW, to Miss SARAH WINTERS.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Mr. SAMUEL C. JAMESON, to Miss RACHEL G. CHAPPELL.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, JOSEPH F. MOORLAND, of this city, to SARAH LANE, daughter of the late Peter S. Johnson, of Worcester county, Md.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, ALEXANDER NUTT, to Miss SOPHIA SNYDER.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. J. T. Ward, Mr. E. FOSTER STEWART, to Miss MARY E. ORDNER, all of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Humphries, in Georgetown, Mr. WM. F. HARRISON, to Miss MARTHA A. IRONS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ult. at Calvary Church, by the Rev. J. H. Smith, Dr. JOSEPH SCATTERGOOD, to Miss ABIGAIL MURDY, both of Leicester, England.

At Rotherham, England, July 6, by the Rev. Richard Morley, M. A., Mr. GEORGE B. SWASEY, gentleman, son of Mr. Henry Swasey, gentleman, of Newburyport, United States, to Miss ANN JOHNSON, daughter of Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Rotherham.

Deaths.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. MARY FENNELL, aged 79.

On the 29th ult. HARRIET S. wife of Dr. Joshua Owen, aged 28 years.

On the 25th ult. MAGDALEN MYERS, aged 56 years.

On the 26th ult. ELIZABETH SHILLINGSBURG, daughter of Michael and Magdalen Myers, aged 23 years.

On the 20th ult. Mrs. MARGARET LEWIS, aged 37.

On the 24th ult. MARGARET, widow of the late John Owen, aged 71 years.

On the 28th ult. GEORGE BARNHOLT, aged 43.

On the 28th ult. [illegible], aged 26.

On the 25th ult. Mr. WM. A. BOYD, aged 49 years.

On the 15th ult. WM. S. BOND, Esq. aged 46 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. JANE BOYD, aged 78 years.

On the 26th ult. ELIZABETH McALLOOY, aged 24.

On the 26th ult. THOMAS CARMAN, formerly of Trenton, N. J. aged 42 years.

On the 25th ult. IRA S. DRAKE, aged 28 years.

On the 26th ult. ELIZABETH CURRAN, wife of John Anglin, aged 23 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. ROBERT McCURDY, aged 43.

On the 26th ult. CHARLES MAGRADY, son of Wm. and Mary A. King, aged 14 months.

On the 24th ult. DANIEL HALL, aged 30 years.

At his residence, Oxford road, near Oxford Church, Philadelphia county, HUGH McCAFFERTY, aged 62.

On the 26th ult. JAMES LANEY, aged 4 weeks.

On the 26th ult. SUSANNA, daughter of Wm. T. and Mary Bennett, aged 5 years and 3 months.

On the 26th ult. JOHN DOUGHERTY, aged 49 years.

On the 25th ult. ESTHER EVANS, aged 60 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. MICHAEL GAMPHER, aged 66.

On the 26th ult. Mr. GEORGE [illegible], aged 31.

On the 24th ult. JOHN H. son of the late Jacob Mecreheck, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ult. ELIZABETH, consort of the late Jacob Hoagle, aged 75 years.

On the 26th ult. MARY STEVENS, aged 29 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. GEORGE HOLMES, aged 26.

On the 24th ult. the Rev. WM. CLARK, aged 57.

On the 27th ult. SARAH A. TAYLOR, daughter of C. A. and Edith A. Moore, aged 18 months.

On the 24th ult. ALEX. CULBERTSON, son of David and Elizabeth Lowenstein, aged 1 year.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. PHEBE A. WILSON, aged 24.

On the 26th ult. JOHN, son of Wm. and Mary Ann Lewis, aged 4 years.

On the 24th ult. MARY ANN, wife of Wm. Taylor, Sr. aged 49 years.

On the 26th ult. ELIZA A. HIGGINS, daughter of T. J. and Rebecca P. Tatem, aged 14 months.

On the 27th ult. JOHN KLEPP.

On the 26th ult. MATTHEW CONNELL, aged 69.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 4, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Bucks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	10 dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1 dis
Wyoming	par
Middletown	par
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt. Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	1 dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	10 dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre de Grace	1 dis
Far. and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk., Albany,	15 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Atlas bank	8 50 dis
State bank—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Exch.	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va and branchs	1 dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1 dis
Valley Bk. & branch	1 dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. Wes. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk. of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk. of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	4 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks.	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bk. of Wooster	80 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks.	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks.	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks.	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks.	3½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk. of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners Bank	—

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 21st to the 27th July.

July 21, received from			
W. B. Zuber	3 50	A. Roach	2 00
Miss J. E. Van Slyke	1 00	D. Mcquillet	5 00
J. York	1 25	R. Bowen	1 25
C. G. Hall	2 00	T. Hewitt	5 00
J. Cundell	1 00	S. Hull	10 00
C. R. Mott	6 00	W. Woodbridge	5 00
C. H. Hodges	3 00	B. R. Long	7 50
D. Johnson	10 00	C. H. Blankman	8 30
F. Newman	1 00	A. R. Durham	10 00
J. L. Barclay	6 00	B. & M. West	15 00
W. Black	2 00		
July 23.			
C. Scokel	1 00	J. Large	1 00
E. Faveaux	2 00	J. Jackson	2 00
J. W. Collins	20 00	C. Morse	3 00
V. Stockton	1 00	J. J. Stiler	2 00
S. Lutard	2 00	Miss J. Wilcox	2 10
S. Will	1 00	J. Davis	2 00
J. E. Smith	1 00	J. F. Moreland	5 00
J. D. Persian	21 00	H. White	4 00
Mrs. N. J. Wills	5 00	H. G. Trader	6 00
W. D. Vawter	5 00	W. A. Gibson	5 00
S. Wright	2 00	D. R. Snort & Co.	20 00
W. C. Maupin	3 00	C. & B. Hinde	10 00
P. Van Voorhis	1 00		
July 24.			
A. T. Johnson	2 00	F. Breithaupt	10 00
R. F. Rush	2 00	M. Way	5 00
T. Watson	2 00	J. Hutchinson	2 00
C. Fishman	2 00	W. M. Buckman	2 00
M. F. Stevens	5 00	Mrs. A. M. Clunes	2 50
R. J. Holmes	5 00	D. & H. Wiser	5 00
B. Julian	10 00	S. H. Heston & Co.	10 00
R. Carter	1 00	P. H. & R. Mapes	5 00
July 25.			
T. Pharo	5 00	T. C. Nunnelly	6 00
A. J. Sansom	20 00	J. W. Phillips	3 00
J. Brown	2 00	W. C. Neff	2 00
H. Barton	2 00	C. R. Wolfe & Co.	15 00
L. H. Pulloch	2 00	J. H. Longmire & Co.	10 00
W. G. Kinton	2 00	Mrs. E. S. Harley	2 00
C. D. Topping	2 00	T. M. Gaines, Jr.	2 00
D. T. Wells	2 00	Miss S. C. Pell	2 00
A. J. Feld	5 00		
July 26.			
J. J. Richards	2 00	A. Garrett	2 00
S. T. Brooks	1 00	D. Black	22 00
W. G. Copeland	2 25	J. C. Whyte	5 00
R. H. Rand	1 00	S. J. Richardson	5 00
I. D. Custer	2 00	T. Johnson	2 00
Dr. O. J. Colgin	5 00	J. Gasgow & Co.	5 00
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July 27.			
J. B. Anthony	2 00	W. Nesbitt	2 00
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There is MORE ORIGINAL MATTER published in the Lady's Book and from eight to twelve more pages of reading monthly, than in any other magazine in America—more engravings, and of a superior kind.
COMPARISON.
Godey published in the January number, 72 pages; in February, 84; March, 74; April, 72; May, 72; June 74; and July, 84. Total 528 pages.
One of our contemporaries published in January, 84; February, 72; March, 60; April, 60; May, 60; June 60; and July 72. Total, 468.
The other published in January, 80; February, 80; March, 64; April, 64; May, 64; June, 64; and July, 64. Total, 480.
It will be seen that the only Magazine that has kept the promise made in the January number, is the LADY'S BOOK, which has published more pages than were promised. Both the others have fallen off, as will be seen by the above table. The public will now see upon whose promises they can place dependence. It will also be seen by the above, which work publishes the most original matter. As we give eight pages more than the Magazine which comes out most loudly about original matter, four of which are devoted to gems from authors whose works do not generally appear in periodicals, it follows that we give four more pages of original matter, monthly, than it does—or, in other words, we give sixty eight pages of original matter and four selected; it gives but sixty-four pages in all. In seven months we have published sixty pages more than one contemporary, and forty-eight more than another—equivalent, to our subscribers, to one more monthly number. The subscribers to the Lady's Book have received in seven months, what subscribers to the other Magazines will receive in eight. If you add to this the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, which $3 subscribers receive, it will amount at least to fifty more pages of reading, monthly, that Lady's Book subscribers receive over those to any other publications. Our plates speak for themselves, both in number and quality.
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We this month publish one of the *wooden blocks*, miscalled, by one of our cotemporaries, Fashion Plates. We also give, in this number, a colored engraving of ladies' dresses suitable for any month in the year. We respectfully ask our lady subscribers which they prefer? Will they please let us know by letter? We shall be well pleased if they prefer the wooden blocks, as it will be a great saving to us. We appeal, also, to the voice of the press, which is the voice of the people.
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DANIELS & SMITH, N. W. *Corner of Fifth and Arch Sts., Philada.*, keep constantly for sale one of the most extensive assortments of *useful Books* in the city, and they buy most of their stock at auctions. They sell a great number of Books at *Half Price*, and all below the "*Regular Prices.*" Our stock is composed of Old and New Books in Theology, (which department receives particular attention and embraces many rare works,) History, Biography, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, Poetry, Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, Travel, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, (with instruments, &c., &c., &c., including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Latin Books, together with a large collection of rare and valuable books in *American History, Biography, &c., &c.* mi9 1y
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RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For a single square, first insertion, $[illegible]
For each subsequent insertion, $1.00
For one square, 6 months, $20.00
For one square, a year, $40.00
Payment is required in advance.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
IN QUART BOTTLES
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD, AND FOR THE CURE OF
Scrofula, Rheumatism, Stubborn Ulcers, Dyspepsia, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Erysipelas, Pimples, Biles, Mercurial Diseases, Cutaneous Eruptions, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Consumption, Female Complaints, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c.
THE PROPRIETORS have spent much time in bringing this preparation of SARSAPARILLA to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a REALLY GOOD medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold ONE QUART, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the BEST and CHEAPEST medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.
REMARKABLE CURE OF BRONCHITIS.
NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1848.
Messrs. SANDS—Having suffered many years with a disease of my throat, affecting the larynx, during which time I was treated by the most distinguished physicians in Europe and the United States without receiving any permanent benefit, but all the time my general health and strength declining and the disease making fearful progress; caustic applications were used, and whatever else was thought most efficient for producing a cure; but I am confident the deplorable situation I was in, the laryngitis being accompanied with phthisis and great difficulty in breathing, would soon have terminated my life, had I not obtained relief through the medium of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I must say, gentlemen, when I commenced using the Sarsaparilla I did not place much confidence in its virtues, and this will not surprise you, when you are informed I had tried more than fifty different remedies during the past four years, without any success; but after taking your Sarsaparilla a few weeks I was obliged at last to yield to evidence. This marvellous specific has not only relieved but cured me; and I therefore think it my duty, gentlemen, for the benefit of suffering humanity, to give you this attestation of my cure. Yours very truly, D. PARENT.
Consulate of France in the United States.
The above statement and signature were acknowledged in our presence by Mr. D. Parent as true.
For the Consul General of France,
N. York, Feb 17, 1848. L. BORG, Vice Consul.
The following testimony from Rev. John Grigg, late Rector of the Church of the Crucifixion in this city, commends itself to the attention of the afflicted. Numerous certificates of cures of various diseases effected by this medicine are almost daily received.
Messrs. SANDS: A member of my family has taken your valuable Sarsaparilla for a severe scrofulous affection, &c., with the most beneficial effect resulting from its use. It gives me very great pleasure to record my testimony in behalf of its virtue and efficacy, hoping that others may be induced to make a trial of it.
New York, May 17, 1848. JOHN GRIGG.
LIVER COMPLAINT.
The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha.
BERKSHIRE, Vt. Oct. 22, 1848.
Messrs. SANDS: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years, suffering at times what language cannot convey; but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business and preach occasionally, for the last eighteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mr. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles. Yours truly, WM. GALUSHA.
SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.
SOUTH KINGSTON, R. I., Oct. 11, 1847.
Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen—My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon extended into the eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them and affected her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who examined them and said to give her relief but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced taking and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to every sufferer from any similar complaint. Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROBINSON.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per Bottle; six Bottles for $5.
For sale in Philadelphia by *Frederick Brown*, corner Fifth and Chesnut streets; *Frederick Klett & Co.*, corner Second and Callowhill; *Robert Shoemaker*, corner Fourth and Race; *Augney & Dickson*, corner Fifth and Spruce streets. Also, by the following agents: *B. A. Fahnestock & Co.*, Pittsburg, Pa.; *R. B. Hinsman*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *J. B. Wilder & Co.*, Louisville, Ky.; *G. W. Norton*, Lexington, Ky.; *E. & J. Adams*, St. Louis, Mo.; *O. Woodman*, Vicksburg, Miss.; *W. H. Fox*, Natchez, Miss.; *Syndel & Co.*, New Orleans; *Joseph Tucker*, Mobile, Ala.; *Carter & Cox*, Montgomery, Ala.; *Pond & Wilcox*, Columbus, Ga.; *Bruno & Virgnes*, Macon, Ga.; *W. M. Mackay*, Savannah, Geo.; *Haviland Harral & Co.*, Charleston, S. C.; *Haviland, Risley & Co.*, Augusta, Geo.; *Dr. A. Fitch*, [illegible], S. C.; *James K. M. Kain*, Camden, S. C.; *P. F. Pescud*, Raleigh, N. C.; *T. H. Ross*, Petersburg, Va.; *M. A. Santos*, Norfolk, Va.; *Alexander Duval*, Richmond; *James Cooke*, Fredericksburg; *R. C. Patterson*, Washington, D. C.; *Canby & Bartlett*, Baltimore; *R. D. Johnson & Co.*, Cumberland, Md.; *Seth W. Fowl*, Boston, Mass.; and *Allison & Gault*, Concord, N. H. jy21aug4

GLOUCESTER POINT EXCURSIONS—KENSINGTON.—The steamboats "FASHION" and "COMMODORE" will leave, every fine Afternoon, Simpson's Ferry Wharf, at a quarter of 3 o'clock, and at a quarter of every succeeding hour up to 7 o'clock. On Sundays and Holidays will commence at a quarter of 8 o'clock, A. M., and run all day—Fare 6¼ cents.
FROM THE CITY.—The Excursion Boats will leave Second Wharf above Walnut street, every half hour through the Afternoon, touching at Almond St. on the way each way.
REGULAR LINE.—Touching at Almond street and at the Machine Shop Wharf at Gloucester, each way. Leaves every hour during the Forenoon, and at 1¼, 2¼, 3¼, 4¼ [illegible] during the Afternoon.
R. T. McMULLIN, Agent.
☞ GUNGL'S UNRIVALLED BAND in attendance every Afternoon. je16 3m

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—IMPROVEMENTS IN HEATING AND VENTILATING DWELLING HOUSES, &c., &c.—Now is the season to prepare, build and repair your Furnaces, &c.
B. M. FELTWELL, No. 406 Market street, has been completely successful in introducing the Patent Culver Coal Iron FURNACE. A large number of them are now in use in the city, and have given entire satisfaction.
He received at the last Exhibition of the Franklin Institute the highest award upon Furnaces, also a Silver Medal for his Range; and after fifteen years experience in the business, offers them to the public with confidence, as the very best articles of the kind in use, and will warrant them as such, or no sale.
B. M. F. has also a large assortment of the prettiest Registers and Ventilators ever offered in this market.
Also—Summer Ranges or Gas Ovens; Bath Boilers, Grates, Stoves, &c., of the most approved patterns.
He offers also his new *Portable Range, just gotten up, for the accommodation of transient families*, to which can be attached a complete bath boiler.
B. M. FELTWELL, 406 Market street,
je5-3m Girard Stores, between 11th and 12th sts.

FASHIONABLE BLIND STORE.—The undersigned having taken the store formerly occupied by J. W. Cassedy, No. 7 Hart's Buildings, Sixth above Chesnut street, where he has on hand Blinds of original Patterns, Colors and Trimmings, and will manufacture to order warranted to be equal to any in the United States, would respectfully invite the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.
Manufactory and store 247 Race street below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.
ROBERT W. KENSIL,
ap14 1y Practical Blind maker.

TREES, ETC.—The subscriber has for sale at his Nurseries, near Burlington, New Jersey, a general assortment of Fruit, Shade, and Ornamental Trees, &c., which he will dispose of on very reasonable terms. Any person wishing particulars can have a catalogue containing names and prices by addressing the subscriber (postage paid.)
mar10-tf GEORGE S. DEACON.

$1,000 A YEAR.
THE ABOVE SUM CAN EASILY be made by any man of good address, with a small capital of $25 to $50, who will canvass for and sell the very valuable Books published by the subscribers.
AGENTS are wanted in every county throughout the United States—to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.
The publications are the best in the country, and command ready sales.
For further particulars address, (postage paid,)
WM. A. LEARY & Co.
jan6-eowly No. 138 North Second St., Philada.

T. B. PETERSON'S GREAT CHEAP BOOK, MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, PUBLICATION, and PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT, is at NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, at which place any of the Magazines or Cheap Publications printed can always be obtained, or subscribed for. Particular attention paid to filling all orders outside for the country trade.

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AGENTS WANTED, to Canvass for "SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," and a variety of NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS, useful and ornamental.
Active, intelligent men, of good address, with a small capital of from $25 to $100, can make from $500 to $1,000 per year. The business is at once safe, honorable and profitable. References required. Address, for full particulars, (post paid,)
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ MAKING UP ORDERS. ☜
☞ BOOKSELLERS, MERCHANTS and dealers are assured that their orders, sent by mail or otherwise will be executed in the most prompt and faithful manner, and made up as satisfactorily in every respect as if they had their personal superintendence. And to complete an assortment, any article in this market will be procured, or if necessary, imported, at the lowest charge. Address as above. R. S.
☞ All Boxes, Packages, &c., are forwarded at our risk. feb 16-tf

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

CONTAINING MORE LITERARY AND NEWS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER TWO DOLLAR PAPER IN PHILADELPHIA—AND FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF CITY WEEKLIES.

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	"
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Union Magazine for SIX DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies' Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid.*

N. B.—No deviation from the regular terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

STORRS' CHEMICAL

HAIR INVIGORATOR.
THE testimonials we are continually receiving are incontestible evidence that STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR is one of the best articles now before the public for restoring the hair in cases of baldness or where it is *falling out, or become thin*, and removing *Scurf or Dandruff*. The following are a few Facts:
Mr. Storrs:—Sir—I have used your CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR for the purpose of removing dandruff from my head, and it has never failed.
SAML. SUNELL, No. 10 Wallace st.
MR. BELAS, of Beverly, has used Storrs' Hair Invigorator for the restoration of his hair, and it has produced a fine growth of new hair.
Mr. Storrs—Sir—Your Chemical Hair Invigorator is the best article I ever used for dressing the hair and giving it a bright, glossy appearance, without the greasiness attending the use of oils, &c.
A. J. HINDERMYER, No. 224 N. Thirteenth st.
MR. P. EMRICK, 392 North Front street, has used Storrs' Chemical Hair Invigorator in his family in two cases, when the hair was falling off with every probability of premature baldness. It was successful in both instances—a strong, healthy crop of hair filling the place of that which had fallen off.
MR. HEWITT, South Sixth street, says the top of his head was entirely bald, he had used various preparations to no good effect. One bottle of *Storrs' Invigorator* caused the hair to commence growing, and the continued use of it he has now a fine head of hair.
We can give many other references to some of our most respectable citizens, but say to those who are troubled with Dandruff, are Bald, or are losing their Hair, give STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR a trial, and if it does not answer the purpose, the money will be refunded cheerfully. Price 25 cents, large bottles.
A liberal discount to dealers.
Beware of Imitations.—Ask for STORRS' Chemical Hair Invigorator, and take none other. The genuine has the signature of *Geo. F. Storrs.*
Principal Depot No. 1 Ledger Building, Third St. below Chesnut. Sold by Druggists generally.
All orders, &c., to be addressed to
GEO. F. STORRS,
ap26-eowtf No. 16 Chester street, Philada.

COAL!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. M. GROVES.
SCHUYLKILL FAMILY COAL-YARD,
BROAD STREET.
WEST SIDE, ABOVE RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
where are kept all kinds of free-burning
WHITE AND RED ASH COAL,
selected from the most approved mines and kept dry under cover, at the lowest cash prices. june 23-tf

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, *and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in either male or female.*
Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by
DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.
Their power over the above diseases is not excelled if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.
DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity, and will also produce diseases of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*, and lays the body open to an attack of the *Cholera, Bilious, or Yellow Fever*, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, Consumption.
OPINIONS OF THE PHILADA. PRESS.
The Dispatch, December 31st says—AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.—We have frequently heard the Celebrated German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Hoofland, spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know deservedly so. It is a too common practice, in certain quarters, to puff all manner of useless trash but in the case of the above Bitters hundreds are living witnesses of their great moral and physical worth.—As a medicine for the Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating diseases, when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debilitated, but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances to the most delicate stomach. Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most perfect safety. It would be well for those who are much afflicted to the nervous system, to commence with one tea spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and are, of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide, have united in recommending the German Bitters, and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use.
READ THE FOLLOWING:
It is from one of our first druggists—the proprietor of the "Medicated Worm Syrup."
Philadelphia, Nov. 22d, 1848.
DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters, having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System. I can say conscientiously, that they are the best articles of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.
I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the commendation of those who used it.
I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market is flooded. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.,
J. M. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.
Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Preparation before the public? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the most obstinate costiveness, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient; being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.
For Sale Wholesale and Retail at the principal depot
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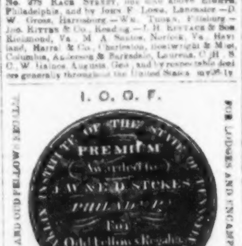
No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by John F. Lowe, Lancaster—D. W. Gross, Harrisburg—Wm. Turner, Pittsburg—Jno. Ritter & Co., Reading—J. H. Kettack & Son, Richmond, Va.—M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va.—Haviland, Harral & Co., Charleston—Boatwright & Miot, Columbia, Anderson & Barksdale, Laurens, C. H., S. C., W. Gaines, Augusta, Geo., and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States. my26-1y

I. O. O. F.
MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS REGALIA. FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.



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WOULD call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan6-1y

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THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA!
GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.
NEW VOLUME—JULY, 1849.
G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, J. B. TAYLOR, EDITORS.
THE vast increase of our last volume has totally exhausted our supply of numbers, and we propose to commence a volume of unrivalled splendor with the July number.
Our distinguished artist, W. E. Tucker, Esq., has been sent by us to Europe, to secure, with the aid of American artists abroad, a succession of most Splendid Illustrations, and thus, with the aid of our home force, we shall present every novelty as it arises fresh to our readers.
COLORED PLATES, OF GREAT BEAUTY, will be furnished to our readers hereafter, in addition to the usual elegant steel and mezzotint engravings which we monthly present to them. We shall commence the first with a series of plates of Colored Wild and Cage Birds of rare beauty; designs for these are now in the hands of our artists.
Our July number will contain the commencement of a POWERFUL NOVEL, from the pen of H. W. Herbert, Esq., entitled "Jasper St. Albyn; or the Power of Passion"—the very best story we have read for a year past. It will also contain an admirable mezzotint likeness of the late distinguished GEN. KEARNEY, being a continuation of our Portraits of American Heroes—a feature peculiar to this Magazine, which strives in its efforts to the glory and success of American Men, American Literature and American Art; thus making it a truly National Work in every respect. These are some of our arrangements for the future—the rest we reserve from the Knowledge of our imitators.
TERMS.
For THREE DOLLARS, in advance, (par money in the States from which it is remitted,) One Copy of *Graham* and a copy of a
LARGE AND MAGNIFICENT PRINT,
from the burin of an English artist (This Print is considered by all who have seen it, to be one of the most beautiful specimens of Art ever presented by any magazine publishers.)
And also a set of Mezzotint Portraits of TAYLOR, SCOTT, BUTLER, WORTH, KEARNEY, and CAPT. WALKER.
For FIVE DOLLARS, Two Copies for one year, and a copy of the large Print to each subscriber.
For TEN DOLLARS, Five Copies for one year, and a copy of the Magazine to the Postmaster or other person forming the Club, and a set of Portraits to each subscriber.
For TWENTY DOLLARS, Eleven Copies for one year, and a set of the Portraits to each subscriber, and a copy of the Magazine to the Postmaster or person sending the Club, with a copy of the large Print as an additional premium.
☞ For the convenience of those desiring to form Clubs in connection with other Publications, we add:
One copy of the Magazine and One copy of the Saturday Evening Post for FOUR DOLLARS.
One copy of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for FIVE DOLLARS.
Three copies of the Magazine, and Four of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.
Four copies of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.
Six copies of the Magazine, and Nine of the Post for TWENTY DOLLARS.
A PREMIUM OFFER.
The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to "Graham's Magazine," during the year between the 1st of December, 1848, and the 1st of December, 1849, (the Magazine to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.
The Magazine will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agent through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.
☞ Postage on all letters to be prepaid. Address,
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.,
98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Numerous statements have recently been going the rounds, in relation to cures and preventatives of ASIATIC CHOLERA. These remedies are so opposite in character and so potent in medicinal effects upon the human subject, that it is astonishing that men of intelligence and discrimination should for one moment give them a passing thought. How physicians can be so duped is a wonder, unless, like drowning men, floundering amid the confusion of their own systems, and daily witnessing the impotency of their own remedies, they catch at straws. In 1844, I submitted a proposition to the Hon. Geo. Sykes, member of Congress from New Jersey, and requested him to lay my views before the proper tribunal at Washington, stating that I had discovered a remedy for DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLIC, &c., and believed that if used among our troops then in Mexico, and dying daily, it would cure three-fourths. I said, that so confident was I of its powers, that if it did not prevent and cure three-fourths of the cases if administered according to my directions, (and those directions should not interfere with the discipline of the troops,) I asked no compensation, and I would furnish from one to five hundred dollars' worth. The proposition, as a natural consequence, was laid under the table. Desirous of testing the powers of the remedy in that country, I placed a box of it in the care of Capt. Wilcox, with a letter explanatory of my desire, &c. The subjoined sufficiently establishes my belief. I also go further, and conscientiously believe that it will cure and prevent the ASIATIC CHOLERA. I stand prepared to prove, by practical demonstration, that I can cure nine-tenths of all cases of this disease, and if the public authorities will afford me an opportunity, I will satisfy every one that this belief is founded on facts. This much I know, as a remedy for derangements of the stomach and bowels, nothing in the annals of medicine holds a comparison with it. Pathologically, there is no difference between ASIATIC CHOLERA and CHOLERA MORBUS, except that the former exists epidemically, and consequently more violent, whereas, the other does not. ☞ To all who are unable to purchase, the remedy will be cheerfully given. ☜ But to the letter:
PHILADELPHIA, June 1st, 1849.
DR. J. N. KEELER:—Sir: I received your note this morning, asking for information as to the distribution I made of the package of Cordial you put into my possession while in command of the United States transport, during the Mexican war. According to your directions, a part was distributed in Vera Cruz, the other I kept for the use of my seamen and others on board, believing I should have use for it as I had frequently on board from one to three hundred persons, and that on leaving Mexico many would be on the sick list. *Such was the fact. Dysentery and Diarrhœa extensively prevailed.* I used the Cordial freely, *and not in a single instance do I recollect of its having failed to completely cure. My own crew would often be attacked with Diarrhœa and Dysentery*, peculiar to nearly all after getting on shore and eating fruit and vegetables. *In all such cases, the Cordial failed [illegible] cure speedily.*
When in New Orleans, a friend informed me of a Philadelphia gentleman (S. Courchman, Esq.) who was sick with the *Dysentery*, and despaired of by his doctor. I mentioned having a bottle or so of your Cordial; he sent it to him, and in a few days I had the pleasure of seeing him on 'Change, and well. I can give many testimonials and names, of the efficacy of your Cordial if necessary. I have given it to one ship master of this port, (Capt. Whipple, ship Monongahela,) and he informed me he would not be without it, and from my own opinion of it, I think it the safest and best medicine I have ever used, or have known to be used in affections of the stomach and bowels. I remain yours, respectfully, D. L. WILCOX,
No. 285 South Eighth St.
This remedy is for sale at the N. W. corner of Third and Spruce, and Third and Green streets; corner 12th and Chesnut; Browning & Brothers, F. Klett & Co., Second and Callowhill; T. B. Peterson; and by druggists generally throughout the city.
☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. je23-3m

WM. S. McILHENNEY, M. D.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 300 CHESNUT Street, opposite the U. S. Mint, Philadelphia.
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Selected Poetry.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Child of the Country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed, 'mid the May flowers, like the bee,
Nurs'd to sweet music on the knee,
Lulled in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
I sing of thee—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky—
A carpet is thy daisied sod—
A narrow street thy boundless road—
Thy rushing deer 's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen—thy best light's a lamp—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines,
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines.
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the Country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung,
In April, while she nursed her young,
The den beneath the sloe thorn where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll wrought o'er with wild blue bells
Where brown bees build their balmy cells,
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trout leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest, that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree;
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town! for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run;
A Maypole is thy blossomed tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawked clamorous all the city round,
No roses, twinborn on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the Country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn:
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of Spring;
Bright as the sun, when from the cloud
He comes, as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trout in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree,
For climbing's sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabined and confined
At once from sun and dew and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone;
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
While flushed with wine and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day:
The stream's too strong for thy small bark,
There nought can sail save what is stark.

Fly from the Town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Selected Sketch.

HINTS TO HANDSOME MEN.

BY A "PRETTY WOMAN."

Unlike women, men cannot be ju[illegible]ged by rules—[illegible] at they are poor, illogically constructed crea[illegible] the best—if they are plain, one does not know why they are so—if they are tolerable in appearance, [illegible] neath the power of pen and ink, they are, as in most other circumstances, an unmanageable, perverse and provoking sex.

I have requested the friend, who obligingly suggested that the reason the ladies of this age were not beauties, was because they were all blues, to help me out a little with my hints upon his fellow men—but he can say nothing; nothing new or interesting can be stated of that inferior portion of the creation, which disposes itself gregariously in clubs, and sitteth ever at the foot of its own table.

We cannot dismiss this subject with the general rule, that plain men are always clever, and handsome ones always stupid; two or three great living instances disprove such an assertion. Nor may we conclude that mind is constitutionally opposed to matter, and that little men have always great minds, and *vice versa*, we have the same *tall* instances to point to, in proof of the reverse of this.

Certainly Napoleon was little; Wellington is by no means tall—Alexander was short and slight—so was the master soldier, Cæsar Borgia—Philetas of Cos was so small, that he always carried leaden weights in his pockets to prevent himself from being blown away by the wind. The Logician Alypius measured but one foot and a half in height, and seemed to be, in fact, nearly *all* soul—Socrates was short—Pope was dwarfish and deformed—so was the calumniated Richard III., whose great soul chafed within a little withered shell.

On the other hand, Achilles, Hector, Alcibiades, were tall—tall was the Norman conqueror of England—tall the kingly Harold—tall was Charlemange, while his father, of whom we hear but little, was surnamed "the small"—tall were those great Louises who swayed France so many years—tall was the Admirable Crichton—Horace Walpole was long and thin—while Mirabeau towered above his fellow-men in stature, as he did in intellect, in supreme and magnificent mental endowment.

You will perceive, dear reader, by these random examples, that the male sex cannot be measured by any rule. I have ever noticed, while studying history, that when a little hero appears on the scene, a tall *pendant* is generally ready to contrast with him in bodily gifts, and frequent to eclipse him in fortune and in conduct; as often do we find the great man of the time remarkable for his ugliness, as was Oliver Cromwell—or for beauty, as was Napoleon.

As for costume, the remarks that I made upon that of the ladies, with regard to its progressive improvement, by no means applies to that of their partners; the dress of the latter has never been so hideous and unbecoming as it is at present, since the days of the Venerable Bede, who is represented in a species of long night gown, buttoned tightly around his throat, and descending in a straight line below his feet.

Agamemnon and Achilles look very well in pictures, with their nodding plumes, their shields, their helmets, their sandals, their pomp and circumstance of martial dress; but they and their compeers must in reality have been anything but agreeable in appearance, deriving, as they could have done, very little benefit from razors, soap, pocket-handkerchiefs, gloves, macassar oil, combs or brushes.

Worse still must have been the early part of the dark ages, when costume and manners were equally unrefined as in the days of Troy; but, without the splendid gloss of armor, without the dancing plumes, without the graceful flow of the "leopard's painted pride," such as dignified the airy movements of the beautiful Paris—all the poetry of effect gone—only the coarseness and rudeness remaining.

Between these two periods, however, came ages of Grecian and Roman luxury, of Babylonish pomp, and of Jewish wealth; when men "went delicately," when Tyrian purple robed their limbs, when the cohorts of Rome were sheathed in gold, and golden dust powdered the love-locks of her silken Emperors; when the harness of war, helmet, buckler, cuirass, sword and sandal, were wrought of the finest workmanship—workmanship as curious as that which was lavished upon the robes of a voluptuous peace—upon the flowing toga, the sweeping mantle, upon the gem-studded chains of Roman Senators, the costly housings of their steeds, upon the rich appliances of their sumptuous feasts.

Counting from that rude Saxon time, the dress of men gradually advanced in elegance until the days of Charles II., when it may be said to have arrived at its height of splendor; having, meanwhile, passed through many changes and modifications, of which that existing during the reign of Elizabeth was, perhaps, the most magnificent. It was decidedly the most costly; the taste of the Queen for dress influenced that of her courtiers; they vied with each other in the richness of the materials they wore—the velvets, the silks, the satin—in the profusion of their jewels, in the extravagance of their personal adorning, and in the reckless abandonment of their general expenditure.

No one exceeded in these points the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh—the diamonds on whose court shoes were valued at £6,000—the button of whose hat was a pearl without price; but the hideous ruff then in vogue—the peculiar mode of cutting the hair—and the puddings which it was the fashion to introduce in the various parts of the dress, must have rendered even so superb a costume unbecoming to any save very handsome men, who could wear and carry off anything.

But how graceful—how faultless in effect, the dress of the martyred Charles!—black—adorned only with the richest lace, and with a few splendid jewels; how beautiful the disposition of the falling hair! a more kingly, a more calmly noble style cannot be imagined—superior in each respect to the gayer, richer, more elaborate toilet of his more fortunate son.

As for the men of the present day, they have little advantage in dress; nothing can be much more frightful than the prevailing modes—from the round hat down to the boot, from the collar to the cuff.

Dress coats are hideous things; frock coats are worse; worse are paletots—Nicolls—Taglionis—Syrian gar[illegible]—Pilots—D'Orsays; an abominable thing is a waistcoat; dreadful is a black neck-cloth—more dreadful still is a white one. Custom has prescribed an almost Puritanical formality of male dress, and it is considered the height of bad taste to depart thence; no one can break through the rules of established form; the only chance left for men of lively imagination is to take refuge in striking colors; but this course generally renders them subject to ridicule and remarks, they become conspicuous, but rarely so for their advantage.

The eye has become so accustomed to this formality, that it is impossible to avoid allowing it to influence one's judgment; it is impossible to avoid a suspicion of the wearers of any thing ultra. How alarmed you would be, gentle reader, at the appearance of one of your acquaintance in a bright blue coat, a pea-green scarf and a scarlet waistcoat. Yet the individual in question might be only indulging a taste for brilliant coloring; he need not be either a madman or a knave. Time was when taste was the sole guide in the choice of color for the male attire; when Rochester wore crimson velvet, and Sedley white satin, pinked with orange.

What a bad style very long hair gives to an individual; even moustachios are looked upon with suspicion (unless worn by cavalry men); we cannot help fancying they are false, or that the bearer is a decided leg, or a Boulognite, driven home by the last French Revolution.

I have wandered from the title of this paper, which professes to treat of "handsome men," but positively I had nothing to say about them, unless the public would like to know what style of men I really think handsome. I do not admire those gentlemen—the beauties of cavalry regiments—who are tall and slim, and have fine complexions, and large dark eyes, and vast black moustachios, and acquiline noses.

Every regiment has one at least of these heroes; he is always spoken of as "that handsome fellow, Tom so and so," he does great execution among the belles of the town where the depot is quartered, but *too* often, in fact—I may say invariably—he is nothing *but* tall and slim, and has only that fine complexion, that vast moustache, those black eyes.

No mind, no soul; those dwell in other stuff either in little frail frames, worn with the activity of the untiring essence within, or, more rarely but more suitably, in the frames of men, handsome as Apollo, strong as Hercules, calm, lofty, dignified as the omnipotent Jove himself.

Those latter are the men I admire, though one or two only of such have I met; but they were fair, with blue eyes, with curling brown hair, with the true Grecian profile, or the true English one in its purest form with the smooth, thoughtful brow, the deep-set eye, the beautiful nose, the curled lip—so tender yet so proud in expression—the countenance whose sensual loveliness is embodied in the face of Antinous, whose spirit and whose soul beams from that of the immortal God of Day.

Rare, perhaps, as the combination of beauty and talent in woman, yet equally existent, is this embodiment. Some of my readers may recognize a friend, when they dwell upon this portrait; others less fortunate, may only sigh, and wonder they cannot do so. Let me congratulate the former on our mutual good luck; let me recommend the latter to rest not until they have attained unto the same.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.

In a recent work, "State Trials of the United States during the Administrations of Washington and Adams," by Francis Wharton, we find the following portraits of those two great rival statesmen, [Jeff]erson and Hamilton:

A PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

"In the Vice-President's chair sat [illegible] Jefferson, serene, self-possessed, and seemingly passive, surrounded by a Senate, two-thirds of whom were politically hostile at a time when political hostility was personal, and in a city where factions run so high that, as Mr. Marshall, a Senator from Kentucky, declared, those who happened to accompany the Vice-President from the Senate Chamber to the Indian Queen tavern, where he lodged, often had to ward off insults which were aimed at him. The chair of the Senate he filled with ease and dignity, dividing his time, when out of it, between the company of literary men, particularly foreigners, of which he was very fond, and the Philosophical Society, upon which and on its committees he was a sedulous attendant. As a politician, the public never saw him. Addresses he never answered, speeches he never made; and yet rarely has there ever been a party so disciplined as that which looked up to him as its chief. This was not by any active service which he himself performed. If a code of resolutions were to be renounced to settle the faith of the infant party, Mr. Madison's judicious pen was invoked to give them shape, and his presence in the Virginia Legislature was required to add dignity to their utterance. If the young energies of the West were to be awakened, Mr. Nicholas's bolder genius was employed to impel Kentucky to a manifesto still more impetuous. Through Mr. Livingston was the alien law to be attacked; through Mr. Gallatin the funding system to be dissected; and yet while the agents of the party were operating throughout the land in perfect harmony, and with unexampled industry and skill, its chief continued, with the same disengaged equanimity, to preside in the Senate in the morning, and to pursue his philosophical amusements in the afternoon. No call was heard for caucuses; and even the hoarse voice of the Aurora, the most vehement of party organs, never uttered any of those significant notes by which the wandering emissaries are to be recalled to the central roost for fresh instructions. Even now, when Mr. Jefferson's correspondence, or at least the most unguarded portions of it, have been published, nothing is so striking as the reserved attitude he maintains; no edicts are announced. It was from his lieutenants, and not from himself, that the orders were to issue. 'Can you not induce Mr. Madison to put his views of these laws upon paper?' 'Mr. Nicholas has the matter in hand and will give you his impressions.' The ease with which the machine worked can now be understood, by seeing how nicely each workman was fitted to his post. Thus, on the appearance of Mr. Hamilton's 'Marcellus' letters, Mr. Madison was detailed to answer them, for 'there is no person but yourself can foil him;'* and Mr. Pendleton, then in the dignity of spotless age adding the charms of a style peculiarly gentle and lucid,

"jucunda senectus
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium—

was ordered to issue a review of the Gerry correspondence, 'short, simple, and levelled to every capacity.'† But, at the time, the master hand by whom these springs were touched, was invisible to the popular eye. It was recognised by its results, not by its incidents. The party proceeded in its cycles, not under a stroke given fresh at each emergency, but under an impulse antecedently imparted; acting under the harmony of a system rather than the stress of a decree. The wisdom of its controller, like that of the inventor of the automaton chess-player, became the more wonderful, because, instead of being supposed to play well each particular move, he had the credit of having prepared beforehand, with infallible accuracy, the combinations of the whole game."

A PORTRAIT OF HAMILTON.

"But Hamilton's attitude was far different. He was not only the guide, but the champion of the party. Rejecting the mysterious habiliments of the automaton, he stood before the audience in person, bending over the board and moving the pieces unmasked. Whatever was to be done, he did himself. Neither labor, peril, nor exposure be spared. His mighty arm was ever in the thickest of the fight. Even when a boy of sixteen, his cry against British tyranny floated clear and shrill above the early voice of the revolution. When scarcely twenty, at the head of Washington's staff, the crimson of his sash was deepened with the first blood of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He led the advanced guard, at Yorktown, in that dashing charge which, in Oct. 14, 1781, drove in the first of the enemy's outposts. Nor did the field of battle alone know him. Valley Forge found his keen and comprehensive intellect mastering the details of military duty as well as the principles of military organization; and from that frozen camp, under Washington's great sanction, did he issue those fierce appeals which aroused once more the fire of the almost cowering Congress. The same dashing temper, the same splendid abilities, the same absorbing individuality, followed him in the constitutional convention, and into the assemblages, popular and representative, by which, in New York, was tried the fate of the instrument which that convention perfected. In Washington's Cabinet, which he entered when he was hardly thirty-two, he was not only the enthroned chief, but the undisputed exponent of the party which then began to confine to itself the name of Federalist. An incomparable felicity of style and precision of argument were animated by an instinct so fine as to supply him with the logarithms of politics, instead of the more tedious processes which others employed; and by his immense intellectual vitality, his readiness to expose himself at any point and to every danger, and his intrepid gallantry, he not only centred in himself the whole activity of his party, but, in a manner, paralyzed collateral energy. He became the embodiment of that party, in the same way as Mr. Jefferson's party was the embodiment of himself. Mr. Jefferson spoke only through his friends; Mr. Hamilton's friends spoke only through him. The influence of the former was subtle, equal, and gentle, operating rather through the force of a previously given rule than of an immediate precept; the influence of the latter was direct and personal, exercised at the particular moment, and pointed to the particular case. The one committed to his friends the chart by which the ship was to be guided, and then withdrew from their company; the other took the helm himself, sheering them by his presence, and controlling them by his commands."

* Tuck. Life of Jeff. [illegible] See McCarton's [illegible] L's, 267.
† 3 Jeff. Cor. 414

Wit and Humor.

THE BEVERLY SEA CAPTAIN AND HIS BEANS.

Every one who knows anything about the characteristics of the sturdy, honest and industrious people of Beverly, Commonwealth of Mass., must be aware that the fondness of their favorite product—is deep-rooted and all absorbing.

A few years since, a snug looking craft was seen in the Mediterranean with signals of distress flying. As the weather was extremely pleasant, and had been for several days previous, the skippers were at a loss to account for such a manifestation of trouble, especially when numerous safe ports could be reached within twenty four hours sailing. However, as it is a maxim never to see a signal of distress without ascertaining the cause and offering assistance, the Captain of an English vessel overhauled our disconsolated craft and hailed—

"Brig ahoy!"

"Hill-boo-hoo-hoo!" answered a voice; apparently choked with sobbing.

"What brig's that, and where are you from?"

"It's the Su-u-san—boo-hoo-hoo—from Beverly—boo-hoo—bound to—boo hoo—Smyrna—boo-hoo-o."

"What's your distress?"

At this inquiry there appeared to be general boo-hoo-oo-oo-ing from stem to stern. The sobs and cries were evidently those of men, and thinking that there might be sickness on board, or something of the sort, the English skipper lowered his boat and was soon on the deck of the Susan.

Here a sight met his eyes, which at first really alarmed him. There were several stout-looking young fellows in different parts of the vessel sitting on upturned buckets and downturned barrels, the very pictures of agony and despair. They were all sobbing and weeping like children.

"What's the matter here?" said the English Captain.

"Boo-hoo-hoo-oo!" answered the quarter deck. "Boo-hoo-hoo-oo!" sobbed amidships. "Boo-hoo-hoo-oo!" replied the forecastle.

"Where's the skipper?"

One of them managed to reply that he was in the cabin. Down went the Englishman, and the first thing he beheld was the skipper with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, looking agonizingly into an empty barrel.

"You appear to be in much distress, Captain, said the English commander, kindly. Pray tell me what is the matter?"

The Beverly skipper looked up and gazed vacantly upon his questioner.

"The matter—what's the matter? Look in that barrel sir—that empty barrel—(here his sobs nearly stifled him)—we're from Beverly, sir, in the State of Massachusetts, *and haven't had a blessed bean for three weeks.*"

A Cool Operation.—"Halloo, there, capting!" said a "brother Jonathan" to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain.

"Wal, I guess I'll take passage, capting, seeing as how I am kinder gin eout walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins," to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capting, from here to where I came aboard?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents: but never mind, capting, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested out."

The captain vamosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more "way passengers" the remainder of the summer.—*Yankee Blade.*

A "Trap" Question.—Looking in the other day at the Jubilee School of Newcastle, we found a score of the lads interrogating each other in history. One young rogue came out with a "trap" question. "How many kings," said he, "have been crowned in England since the Conquest?" Several answers were returned, but none receivable by the querist; and being called upon at length to furnish the information himself, he replied, "One!" "One!" exclaimed a dozen incredulous voices. "Yes, one!" repeated young Quibble; "James the Sixth, of Scotland, was the only king that was ever crowned in England!"—*Gateshead Observer.* [Richard the Lion-Hearted was of course a king when he was crowned for the second time on his return to England after his imprisonment by the Duke of Austria.]

A Good Hater.—A Scotchman, who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbors, fell sick, and being given over, sent for his enemy that he might be reconciled. "Oh!" said he, when the man entered the room, "I am very bad, very bad, indeed—do you think I shall die?" "I hope not," replied his visiter. "Yes, I shall, I know I shall die, so I sent for you to be friends, that I may not go out of this world at enmity with any one!" This token of reconciliation was granted; but when his visiter was about to take leave, the sick man cried out,—"Stop! if I should not die this time, all this goes for nothing—mind now, it is to be just as it was before, if I don't die."

Brief Correspondence.—A gentleman in Cincinnati, the other day, received as a present from a friend near the city, a basket of green apples, accompanied by the following note:

Dear ——: Please accept the accompanying basket of apples from, Ever yours J. S.

The recipient replied "by the bearer" as follows:

Dear Sir: The apples came to hand, but will not be eaten. The times should suggest to you to *send such presents in coffins*, instead of baskets. Truly, &c.

Marking a Mark.—A captain of a sloop at one of our wharves, hired a Yankee, "a green hand," to assist in loading his sloop with corn. Just as the vessel was about to set sail, the Yankee, who was jingling the price of his day's work in his pantaloons, cried out from the wharf,—"Say, yeou capting! I lost yeour shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail fence around the stern, right over the spot where it went down, so't you'll find yeour shovel when yeou come back."

The Schoolmistress at Home.—"My dear boy," said a kind hearted country schoolmistress to an unusually promising scholar, whose quarter was about up, "My dear boy, does your father wish you should thread the intricate and thorny path of the profession, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tater patch."

Gave Him Up.—"Are you an Odd Fellow?" "No, sir! I've been married for a week!" "I mean do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?" "No, no, I belong to the Order of Married Men." "Mercy, how dumb! Are you a *Mason*?" "No, I am a carpenter by trade." "Worse and worse; are you a Son of *Temperance*?" "Bother you, no,—I am a son of Mr. John Gosling." The querist went away.

RAILWAY ESTIMATE OF WIVES.

A case, says the Cambridge (England) Chronicle, was lately decided in one of the courts, by which it is now ruled that husbands who lose their wives by railway accidents, can only claim, in compensation, the amount of any income which may have been cut short by their death. Thus, "virtuous women, who were only crowns to their husbands," will be valued, according to the tombstone cutter's price, at five shillings. It has been suggested that at railway stations, besides the "ladies' refreshment-room," there should be a ladies' valuation room with a proper officer in attendance. As the ladies pass, scenes of the following tenor, it is supposed, would pass also:

"What sort of a wife are you, ma'am?"

"Sir?"

"Of what value are you to your husband?"

"Your question is very impertinent, sir. I believe, although I did not bring my husband a shilling, he would be filled with deep sorrow were he to lose me."

"Oh, we have nothing to do with that, ma'am—sorrow does not enter into railway calculations. You may pass."

Another enters:

"Pray, ma'am, how does your husband estimate you?"

"You are as great a brute as my husband, I believe, and that is saying a good deal. I bring him ten thousand a year, which goes back to my relations, if we die, as we have no children, and yet the wretch uses me worse than—"

"Station-master! quick! quick! Get a special train instantly for this lady, and let a pilot engine go before, and a guardian angel behind."

True of Course.—A hog-drover from Ohio having disposed of his swine in one of the Eastern cities, strayed into a theatre were *King John* was being played. He watched the play with a good deal of attention, though he didn't "exactly understand the natur of the critter," as he expressed it. But the scene in which Hubert and young Arthur enter completely absorbed him. When Arthur asks—

"Is there no remedy?"

and Hubert answers,

"None, but to lose your eyes!"

the Buckeye was on his feet in a second. "I say, yeou with the red-'otir'n! Ef yeou but jest tech a hair of that ar' boy's head, I'll knock you into linked sassenges!"

The "pities" hooted, the boxes roared, and the Buckeye dropped into his seat like a big dumpling. He said "he didn't mean to *inter-fere*, but he'd be drat-rabbited *ef* he wanted to see the boy's eyes druv up!"

Novel Effect of an Earthquake.—An American ship lay in Talcahuana at the time the several earthquakes were experienced there. Shortly afterward, while lying in another port, the captain thought it necessary to punish a man, but said that if the offender could advance any reason for his immoral conduct, he should be pardoned. "Why, sir," said Jack, "ye see as how I think that the earthquakes shook my moral principles out of me." Such able reasoning had the desired effect, and Jack was forgiven.

"I Wish I Were a Married Man."—The following was found among the posthumous papers of an elderly single gentleman, supposed to have died of ossification of the heart. The world is as apt to mistake the true character of bachelors as physicians are the diseases of their patients.

"I wish I were a married man,
And had a little baby,
I'd buy a little wagon cart,
And draw it round some, may be."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 9, 12, 4, 14, 7, 11, is a Town in Maine.
My 2, 13 6, 11, 7, 12, is a Town in France.
My 3, 17, 12, 1, 9, 15, 5, is a Town in Italy.
My 4, 5, 18, 6, 8, 9, is a Town in Bolivia.
My 5, 1, 18, 11, is a Town in Palestine.
My 6, 3, 12, 14, 18, 5, is Town in Armenia.
My 7, 14, 12, 10, 17, 12, is a Town in France.
My 8, 2, 13, 17, 12, is a River in the United States.
My 9, 10, 17, 15, 6, 2, is a County in Virginia.
My 10, 11, 18, 1, 17, 18, is a County in Illinois.
My 11, 2, 12, 4, 11, 18, is an Isle in Oceanica.
My 12, 6, 2, 13, is a City in India.
My 13, 5, 12, 12, 7, 9, is a Town in the Western part of Africa.
My 14, 10, 12, 4, [illegible]
My 15, 6, 11, 7, is a Town in Austria.
My 16, 14, 10, 5, is a Town in Ohio.
My 17, 15, 6, 9, 18, is a Mountain in North America.
My 18, 5, 1, 9, 7, 11, is a County in Wisconsin.
My whole is the name of an officer that was wounded at the battle of Chapultepec. S. S. M.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 6, 10, 7, 9, 8, is a River in Kentucky.
My 15, 4, 5, 7, 2, is a portion of Chinese Tartary.
My 16, 17, 16, 1, 4, 8, 19, is a Town in Indiana.
My 6, 4, 25, 20, 16, is a Sea in Europe.
My 2, 6, 10, 14, is a City in Hindoostan.
My 5, 20, 8, 2, is a remarkable Volcano.
My 2, 1, 2, 13, 4, 8, is a River in South America.
My 8, 7, 6, 10, 4, is a River in Buenos Ayres.
My 20, 21, 22, is a Lake in Scotland.
My 3, 4, 16, 8, is a County in Illinois.
My 16, 4, 2, 8, 6, 16, 2, is a River in China.
My 20, 22, 25, 10, 9, 12, is a County in North Carolina.
My 16, 4, 10, 8, is a Cape in South America.
My 22, 11, 13, 4, 24, is a County in Mississippi.
My 1, 2, 12, 14, 10, is a Lake in Sweden.
My 16, 17, 18, 20, is a County in Kentucky.
My 20, 15, 16, 17, 8, 22, is a Lake in Siberia.
My 12, 2, 16, 24, 25, 9, is a Division of Hindoostan.
My 15, 12, 11, 22, is a County in Arkansas.
My 15, 17, 8, 20, 24, 8, is a City in China.
My 8, 9, 11, 6, 16, is a Lake in Ireland.
My 15, 7, 22, 23, 24, is an Island in the Indian Ocean.
My 15, 18, 11, 22, is a County in Missouri.
My 1, 14, 8, is an Isle in the Irish Sea.
My 1, 11, 12, 17, 15, 15, 21, is a portion of Farther India.
My whole is the name of a Republican President. T. H.

CHARADE.

My first may be made an agreeable home;
My second's in fashion, wherever you roam;
My third is produced from a *pestilent worm*;
My whole, for a cleanser, "out South," is the term. J. G.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a conical vessel, whose slant height along the side is 20 inches, is at its upper open end 24 inches diameter, running to a point below; and has so much water in it that when a perfect round ball of 10 inches diameter is laid in the vessel the ball will just touch the water. How much water may yet be poured in, so that the surface of the water will just cover the ball? D. DIEFENBACH.
Buffalo [illegible] Run P. O., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a Yankee in close quarters like a mouse?
Ans.—He will crawl out through a small hole.

☞ Why should anglers and shepherds be always hard up?
Ans.—Because they get their living by hook and by crook.

☞ Why should a sailor always know what o'clock it is?
Ans.—Because he's always going to sea, (see.)

☞ Why is a surgeon, since the discovery of ether, like a swindler?
Ans.—Because he *cuts off* without payin' (pain.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
Abby J. Hutchinson.
General Orders in Washington.
CHARADE.—Moose-head-lake.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.
Each of the two sides 53.4254 feet.
The answer to Mr Aaron Erhart's question, published week before last, is, A had 44 and B 55 sheep.
Answered by V. and A. B. NILSSON.

Messrs. Editors:—In the "Post" of May 5th I saw a Problem by Felix, which has not as yet been answered. Permit me, sirs, to send you one. The Problem was that of the two women who went to market with 60 eggs—selling 30 eggs each. The first mentioned we will call A, the second B, the one who went alone the next day, we will call C, for distinction.

The difference is in selling as C did,—you would take B's 30 eggs and 20 of A's, which, added, make 50 eggs, and they would bring 20 cents. There would remain 10 eggs of A's, which, sold as C sold them, would bring 4 cents, but, sold as A sold them, would bring 5 cents. Making a difference of 1 cent. D. G. BUSH.

Diamond Cutting.—There is only one diamond cutter in London. The Dutch have for ages almost monopolized the diamond cutting trade of Europe, and so expert are they, that on showing them a rough diamond, they will tell to the greatest nicety what will be its exact shape when cut, and almost to the hundredth part of a grain, what the polished gem will weigh.

For the Ladies.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

A correspondent of the "Windham County Democrat," "goes on" as follows, in relation to a recent letter of Mrs. Swisshelm's to Country Girls:

"Speakin of fashionable ladies, reminds me of somethin I want to say to the country gals. You see, Mr. Editor, there's a Mrs Swisshelm who edits a paper away out in Pennsylvania—she's a mighty smart woman as the Hoosiers say—and she's been printin letters to country gals in her paper, and the papers all round the country have been copying 'em. In one of her letters she lectured the gals about keepin their hands soft, and told 'em they were to blame if they didn't, and that they couldn't quilt so fast, nor do things so quick and well, and that they should wear gloves when they handled mops and brooms and did things to make their hands hard. Well you see, Mr. Editor, I kept the paper up; but some how our girls found it, and fust I knew one day Jacob cum in from the garden, laughin and shakin his sides, and soon as he could speak, says he, 'Debby, I'll give it up; gals will be gals, bring 'em up as woman-like and sensibly as you will.' Dear me, says I, what is the matter? Do tell what's happened. Our gals han't done nothin flighty I hope. 'Ha, ha, ha,' says Jacob says he, 'ha, ha, Debby, jest look out and see Polly and Dolly a weedin the beds with their gloves on.' And sure enuff, Mr. Editor, if there want two as sensible gals as you'll ginerally find, pokes the earth with their gloved fingers! Says Jacob says he, 'Debby, that'll never du; the gloves 'll cost more than the hire of a man to du the weedin.'"

"Well, Mr. Editor, this aint all the mischief that etter did. I went into my nighest nabor's—Miss Larry bee has ten gals; the oldest ones grown up, sizeable wimin; and I see in a minit somethin troubled her despertly, for she's a real cheerful body gineral and sees more sunshine than most of folks. What's the matter, Miss Larry-bee? says I. 'Oh, Miss Van Winkle,' says she, 'I'm so glad to see you; for the girls and I are at variance; but they'll listen to you, I'm sure; you've bin to Washington and seen the President's lady and know the ways of the world. Don't you think they've bin readin a letter to country gals about keepin their hands soft and their complexions fair, and that they must du their work with gloves on, and musn't cook over a wood fire and all that nonsense. And here this mornin Becky Ann asked for some new gloves; and Patty said she must have a pair; and Betsey and Sally and Molly all followed suit. I was mazingly put out o' sorts, for I'd got 'em all new gloves only a month ago, and they've always made a pair last all summer; but I kept calm and begun to inquire how it happened; and don't you think, Patty had burnt her's up taking the pots and kettles off the fire; Becky had spilt her's skowering the knives; and Sally had swept in hers; Molly's were spilt hoeing in the garden, and so with 'em all. That letter from a city lady to country gals, had cost their father six pairs of kid gloves. But this aint all; they musn't put their hands in hot water, so the dishcloth is tied on to a stick and the dishes can't be half washed; and the clothes aint half washed, and I don't see but my hands and face are to be the sole dependence of the family, as they're the only ones that use won't spile.'

"Well, Mr. Editor, I couldn't help lafin right out, for he gals had gone ahead of mine; and, says I, Miss Larry bee, I've just bin given my gals a lesson on this pint and I'll repeat it to youre. When I was young I knew a family of gals who were mazin smartfeelin, and they used to go into the best kumpany, but then they was awful black and yaller skin'd, and it mortified 'em dreadfully. Well, they heerd somebody tell about bread poultices being kuroos to make a body's hands white and soft; and what should the silly things du the night afore they was goin to a ball but wrap up their hands and faces in bread poultices; and sich a sight as they was the next mornin! They hadn't bin used to applyin sich things and they didn't know they ought to be greased; so when they tried to get 'em off they had got dry and stuck so tight that they took patches of the skin, and they had to soak the poultices off. Of course they look'd wus than ever. But the nub of it was, the young folks got hold on't and the gals never heer'd the last on't; and between you and me, (I don't like the gals to hear me for they might be influenced by such motives,) I really think it was the reason they never got married.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I've written about this matter, because I know many of your young wimin readers will see Miss Swisshelm's letter, and I think their fathers and brothers and lovers, if they have any, can readily convince 'em that the best recommendation for a body's hands is, that they're useful; and if they can quilt a leetle faster for sweepin and [illegible] washin dishes with a cloth tied to a stick, it wont signify, seein they don't have only now and then a quilt to make, and all they'd gain in dein it wouldn't begin to make up the time they'd lose in puttin on and takin off their gloves to du there every day duties, to say nothin about its bein awkward and takin longer to du 'em with the gloves on. No, Mr Editor; give me the man or woman who is ready to grasp the necessary as well as the agreeable in this life with ungloved hands and fearless heart. Your friend,

"DEBORAH VAN WINKLE."

In answer to the above, Mrs. Swisshelm says:—"We do feel worried at the peck of trouble Mrs. Van Winkle and Mrs Larrybee have gotten into by our unlucky letter. But gals will be gals until they get husbands, an' no use tryin' to make anything else ov 'em. No matter how much good advice you give them, they will just take as much as they please, and not one mite more! Here these young Van Winkles and Larrybees, instead of knitting a pair of good stout gloves that would last two years, and only take a cut of yarn and a little spare time, must needs go to work to wear out their new 'go-to-meetin' fixens' in the kitchen and garden, a scourin' knives and poilin' weeds! It is awful provokin', and no wonder good Mrs. Van Winkle should rile up a little. Then to have them tyen the dish cloth on a stick! It is not ourself who would stand it. If they will make dishwater so hot as to scald their hands, we would e'en make them put their hands in and scald them, 'just to larn em!' Patty ought to be ashamed of herself to take her new gloves to lift the pots and kettles off the fire, instead of keeping an old rag for that purpose, as we bade her. If this is the way the Yankee girls follow our advice, we shall have to give them a 'talkin to.'"

Varieties.

Death of a Child-Angel.—One of the most singularly beautiful creatures on earth was the son of our friend and brother editor, Horace Greeley, taken from him a few days since by the unsparing epidemic. To those who knew the child, it seems more a return to Heaven than a death—so like what we fancy of the body of a celestial visitant were its features and look, its ways and character. The hair of this angelic boy was of a most unusual tint of light golden and of very remarkable fineness; his eyes were of a porphyry lustre, strangely soft, and of a calmness of movement that seemed supernatural, and his lips and nostrils were expressive of a delicacy of joyousness and a transparency of mental and bodily condition which we thought we had never before seen the like of. Too exquisitely lovely and too finely composed for this world, was the thought of every one who saw the child, and we presume that all mourning over its death must be for those who are bereaved.—*Home Journal.*

Utility of Nettles.—It is a singular fact, that steel dipped in the juice of the nettle becomes flexible. Dr. Thornton, who has made the medicinal properties of our plants his peculiar study, states that lint dipped in the nettle juice, and put up the nostril, has been known to stay the bleeding of the nose, when all other remedies have failed—and adds, that fourteen or fifteen of the seeds ground into powder, and taken daily, will cure the swelling of the neck, known by the name of goitre, without in any way injuring the general habit.—*Medical Times.*

A Queer Verdict.—In a libel suit at the West, the counsel for the plaintiff told the jury that he did not ask for damages from a desire to obtain money, but merely as an indication that his client had been wronged; and if a verdict in his favor, giving damages, was returned, not one cent of the money would he take from the defendant. The jury thereupon returned a "verdict for the plaintiff of four hundred and fifty dollars, *not to be paid!*"

Precautions Against Poison.—In Germany, to prevent poison being obtained for evil purposes, none is allowed to be sold without a written order or certificate from a physician. To prevent rat-poison being made a bad use of, or taken by mistake, the arsenic is mixed with tallow and lampblack, which makes a compound that no human being could partake of. None is allowed to be sold in a pure state.

Straining at Gnats.—We seldom feel so intensely our great need of a peculiar kind of patience, a donkey-like endurance, as when we hear of a grave ecclesiastical body sitting in solemn deliberation on some anise and cumming affair, while those weightier matters which are fitted to agitate eternity and the universe, are scarcely named or thought of.—*N. Y. Organ.*

☞ It is recommended to have the sails of ships made of silk, for it has always been noticed that silk umbrellas *go* much faster than cotton.

ÆRIAL PHENOMENA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. H. RIDER.

Water spouts present an imposing and interesting exhibition to the mariner upon the ocean. And occasionally similar ærial phenomena interest the landsman.

Joe Baker, Esq., of Shepherdstown, Va., relates an incident which occurred June 9th, 1830, at his residence at that place; to which himself, with others, was a witness. "My servant," he says, "had been washing, and among other things had washed a muslin handkerchief, belonging to my wife, being about the half of a yard square; it was starched but not ironed, and hung on a line in the yard to dry. After becoming dry, it arose from the line and ascended like a balloon, in rather a sloping direction, until it entirely disappeared. When last seen it looked like a small star. There was very little air stirring; and there were no clouds."

The foreign journals of the Summer of 1845, state that a quantity of hay in an open field, where it was in cocks, suddenly ascended in the air without the slightest susceptible movement of wind. The hay continued to rise to a great height—ultimately appearing like a small black streak and exhibiting a very extraordinary appearance. It at length descended to the earth.

A somewhat similar ascension of dry forest leaves occurred last Fall in the township of Middletown, N. J., in a wood of the Hon. J. Patterson. A quantity, to the extent as estimated, of eight bushels, arose and continued to ascend until they were lost to perception in the air. Their course was straight; but little air was moving at the time, though the spot whence the leaves arose continued to be the scene of a whirling current until the ascending leaves had become indistinguishable. I witnessed this phenomenon, with several other interested spectators.

These ascensions are commonly attributed to a state of atmosphere peculiarly dry and rarified. And they are not of a very rare occurrence in warm weather.

The showers of frogs, fishes and other marine as well as vegetable substances, are believed to rise from water spouts or spiral eddies and whirlwinds, by which portions of the sea, ponds of water and other surfaces, with their contents, are forced to an elevation; and thus being transported to a distance and there falling, produce these strange precipitations.

In clear calm sultry weather whirl-winds have been excited by extensive fires burning simultaneously in a large circle, when the violent and continued electric phenomenon of the *turbo* or whirling pillar, with other characteristics, has been exhibited.

Middletown, June, 1849.

Romance of Life.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

FROM THE PRESTON (ENGLAND) CHRONICLE.

In our obituary of this day we record the death of an old inhabitant of the town, Mrs. Kemp, of Church Street, the circumstances of whose birth and descent forcibly illustrate the old adage, "that truth is stranger than fiction." Mrs. Kemp was the daughter of Mr Bradley, a tailor and draper, in Preston, by the eldest daughter of the Hon. Francis North, afterwards Lord North, and subsequently created Earl of Guilford, and, of course, sister of Frederick Lord North, for many years Prime Minister to King George the Third, and on the death of his father, the first Earl, the second Peer of that title.

There have been many instances within the last half century, of females of comparatively humble origin being raised by marriage to high social position in the community; as for instance, the elevation of Miss Farren to be the Countess of Derby, Miss Stephens to Countess of Essex, Miss Mellon to Duchess of St. Albans, and Miss Foote to Countess of Harrington; all of whom have, in turn "walked the stage" of a Preston Theatre. But there are few cases of ladies of high rank marrying tradesmen of humble position; indeed, we know of no parallel instance to the history we are about to relate of the daughter of one of high rank and title, the sister of a Prime Minister of England, who numbered among her immediate relatives and connexions, Dukes, Earls, and Barons, herself also, afterwards entitled to rank and precedence, allying herself to a tradesman of small means, in a provincial town. Some particulars of this "strange eventful history" appeared in the Chronicle some years ago; but very probably many of our readers will have forgotten them, and the romantic character of the narrative will well repay another perusal to those who may yet remember the main incidents.

Frederick Lord North, and his sister, the heroine of our story, were deprived of maternal care when they most required it, and both were consigned to the same foster-mother during their infancy. Of the life, public and private, of the former, Lord Brougham has furnished us ample details in his "Statesmen of George the Third." Of the eventful history of the latter the pen has been as silent as the grave which entombs her remains; her name does not even now occur in the genealogy of the North family in the "Peerage." The early days of the high-born lady to whom we have alluded were spent under the roof of her mother's immediate relatives, near Grosvenor Square, London, where she received an education suitable to the position in society she appeared designed to fill. At about twelve or fourteen years of age she became an inmate of Bushy-house, Middlesex, the then residence of the Earl of Halifax, whose daughters, the ladies Montague, watched over her young womanhood with anxious solicitude. The Earl of Halifax being at that time (1748) one of the Lords of the Admiralty, was in the habit of being waited upon in matters appertaining to his office, by a young man named Brett, nephew of Sir William Smith, a London merchant, who offered her his hand. Mr. Brett, though respectably connected, and having good worldly prospects before him, was nevertheless, not considered of suitable station to espouse the daughter of a Peer, and she was, therefore, sent down to Preston, to break off the acquaintance. After remaining here for some weeks, under the care of two ladies named Astley, whose father was Mayor at that time, and lived at the entrance to Chapel-walks, Fishergate, she received an intimation that Mr. Brett, supposing she had gone to France, had set out in quest of her, and been drowned in crossing from Dover to Calais. Believing the statement, and much distressed in her mind at the supposed sad event, she immediately returned to London, and related her sad troubles to their foster-mother, observing at the same time, that as her friends had deprived her of the object of her warmest affections, she would accept the first offer that was made to her. Her foster-mother having a nephew then lodging with her, from Preston, with a view to improvement in his business, she communicated to him what the unhappy lady had stated. He made her an offer, accordingly, and in three days they were married at Keith's Chapel, Mayfair. This nephew was Mr. Bradley, tailor and draper, of this town; and the daughter of one of the proudest aristocratical families of the empire, became the wife of a Preston tradesman! A few months afterwards the young couple quitted London, and she became the mistress of the identical house in Fishergate, formerly occupied, for many years, by the late Mr Taylor, seedsman, which descended to her husband on the death of his father, and where she gave birth to twelve children, six of whom (daughters) have died within the last sixteen years, the last of them is very weak, in Preston.

Harsh and unforgiving as it may appear, it is yet the fact that this marriage *imprudent*, certainly, (under the circumstances) *for ever* cut her off from her former friends and connexions, not one of whom ever exchanged a single word with her afterwards, except Sir Roger Burgoyne, who married her particular friend, Lady Frances Montague, and who accidentally met her in London. Lord Strange, father of the late Earl of Derby, who then represented the county, and resided occasionally at the family mansion, in Church Street, also recognized her after she had become a resident at Preston. He had known her when a girl, living with her relatives, near his own residence, in London, and evinced his sympathy at her altered position by becoming a customer to her husband, and recommending his friends to follow his example. With these exceptions, and now and then a small present sent through an unknown medium, but for which it was supposed she was indebted to the interference of Lord Strange, she was completely severed from and neglected by her own noble relatives, and sunk into the grave about 17[illegible], at the age of sixty-two, having, about five years before, lost her husband by death, and, subsequently, become so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to part with her jewellery, among which was a valuable ring, given her by Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, who married her cousin. Her ashes were consigned to their last resting-place in the burial-ground of the Preston Parish Church.

Mr. Brett, her "first-love," it may be added, rose to eminence in point of position, having become member for Sandwich, and also one of the Lords of the Admiralty, during the coalition ministry of Lord North and Mr. Fox, in 1783, but it is understood died unmarried, probably out of respect for the lady, whom an affectionate regard on the part of her well meaning friends had deprived him of, owing to his then inferior station in life.

Selected Articles.

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus—the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty Kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party, inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers; the streets were kept clear by cavalry; the peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds, under the Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assemblage to the tribunal.—The junior baron present led the way—George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience, such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great Kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when before a Senate, which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which had preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a dark treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried Westminster against Palace and Treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.—*Macaulay.*

Divinity School Exercises.—The following beautiful original hymn was sung in the order of exercises, at the annual visitation of the Divinity School, Cambridge. It is from the pen of Mr. William Henry Hurlburt:

We will not weep;—for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt;—if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint;—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the death is past.

Help, us, oh Father!—when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend.
Help us, oh Father! let Thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness—till the joyful end.

Hume's Opinion of the Stability of American Dependence.—Hume says, speaking of our first plantations in America:—"Speculative reasoners during that age, raised many objections to the planting of those remote colonies, and foretold that after draining their mother country of inhabitants, they would soon shake off her yoke and erect an independent government in America. But time has shown, that the views entertained by those who encouraged such generous undertakings were more just and solid. A mild government and great naval force have preserved, and may still preserve during some time, the dominion of England over her colonies." This was written in 1758.

The Olio.

EXTRACT.

From out the restless waters of the sea
The pale moon rises with her placid face—
So from the restless beating of my heart
A vision, fairer than the moon, steals up!
There were wild storms upon the sea last night!
Its waters had a sound of woe and madness—
So were there storms of passions in my heart
That had a sound of muttering and moans!
The sea is full of light and song this eve;
Its waves breathe music as they kiss the shore—
And so my heart is melted in its mood,
And murmurs o'er with tenderness and peace!
I think my heart is like the sea, my love,
Forever and forever like the sea!—
Like it in terror and in power and depth—
Like it in melody and calm and light.
Now I will sing to thee as the waves sing,
And in the articulate music of the winds,
That seek thy ear as ripples seek the shore,
Shall be defined the vision of my soul,
That rises from its restless, beating depths
As the moon rises from the dimpling waves.

High Capacities.—Persons of high capacities, of more than ordinary powers and affections, draw round them, like the magnet, many and complicated connexions in the social circle, wherein they move as in a sphere, and they must necessarily find themselves frequently crossed by contending obligations, by opposing duties or feelings, by painful claims, by many temptations.—With such disappointment, mental anguish is at all times a certain portion of their lot, and act how they may, though they may rarely deviate from what is just, yet with them even to do right, in this imperfect state of things, must frequently be to suffer, to sorrow, to offend. With such, to overcome pain, depends not so much on any sudden efforts, as on the predominant and fixed habits of their lives, for no man having a determined object of pursuit that calls forth the active energies of the mind, can ever sink under calamities, unless that calamity has its barb envenomed with the poison of remorse; for if there be remorse in affliction, then the spirit becomes wounded indeed, and of such a spirit well may it be said, "Who shall bear it?"

New Invention in Baking.—An invention has been made in Glasgow, which promises to be of great service in the process of baking. As it has not yet been patented, we are not at liberty to enter into details. Some idea of its effects may, however, be formed from the fact that a little model, a mere toy in appearance, standing upon a table less than a yard long, and only half as wide, is fully capable of doing the work of five or six bakers—a class of men whose labor is well known to be none of the lightest. The dough is both made and moulded by the machine into loaves of the required size and shape; and, by an original and ingenious process of mixing and kneading, which can be done either with or without barm, the usual loss of weight, attributed to evaporation in "raising the sponge," is avoided; and a great saving in flour, as well as time and labor, is consequently effected. The bread manufactured by the model of the machine is of the most excellent quality.—*Glasgow Citizen.*

The Bone Luz.—Hadrian (whose bones may they be ground and his name be blotted out!) asked R. Joshua Ben Hananiah: "How doth a man revive again in the world to come?" He answered and said: "*From Luz*, in the backbone." Saith he to him: "Demonstrate this to me." Then he took *Luz*, a little bone out of the back-bone, and put it in water, and it was not steeped; he put it into the fire, and it was not burnt; he brought it to the mill, and that could not grind it; he laid it on the anvil and knockd it with a hammer, but the anvil was cleft and the hammer broken.—*Lightfoot*, vol 12 p. 352.

Good Advice.—However harsh and unromantic it may seem, the best plan is not to exhaust by over *frequent presence*, the affection of those whom we would love, or whom we would have to love us. I would not say, after the manner of Rochefoucauld, that the less we *see* of people the more we like them; but there are certain limits of sociality; and prudent reserve an absence may find a place in the management of the tenderest relations.

MY EEN ARE DIM WI' TEARS.

My een are dim wi' tears, John,
My heart is sair wi' wae,
I lie an' watch the stars, John,
Awearying for the day;
Yet it winna bring me rest, John,
An' it canna bring me peace,
Till the clay is on my breast, John,
And throbs and feeling cease!

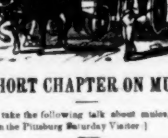
I hae loved ye weel and lang, John;
An' shall while I hae life;
But ye've caused me mony a pang, John,
Wha should hae been your wife.
Though ye never said a word, John,
My trusting heart to win,
Ye hae lied before the Lord, John,
An' that is deeper sin!

Ye're hand lied seeking mine, John,
When naebody could see;
An' ye kissed it mony a time, John,
An' wasna that a lee?
An' your een lied looking luve, John,
Whene'er they turned on me;
An' your gifts, what did they prove, John,
But love—or treachery?

An' your step lied coming here, John,
Sae aft in could an' rain,
For mony a happy year, John,
Whase memory is pain!
For I thocht the time would come, John,
When we nae mair would part;
Yet ye gaed without a word, John,
To ease my breaking heart!

Ye cam' o' your ain will, John,
Ye saw that I was poor;
Ye kenn'd I was nae light o' love;
Ye should hae passed our door.
But I loo ye after a', John,
An pray to God in Heaven,
That I may be ta'en hame, John,
An' your deceit forgiven! MARY.

Agricultural.



A SHORT CHAPTER ON MULES

[We take the following talk about mules, from a letter in the Pittsburg Saturday Visiter.]

I have, of late, been looking a little into the history and physical economy of *mules*, and am satisfied that my brother farmers, like myself, have been living under a cloud of ignorance and prejudice in regard to these useful animals. I feel disposed, therefore, to do what I can to change the opinions and practice that have so long prevailed.

The mule is a hybrid, whose sire is a Jackass and whose dam is a mare. It might be supposed that the offspring, whose sire was a horse, and whose dam was a Jennet, would be a mule also. But this is not the fact. The mule derives from the dam his nervous system, and his *bottom*, in sportsmen's language. But the *hinny*, as the other animal is called, takes the short ears and bushy tail of the horse, and is altogether unlike and inferior to the mule in other respects. The use of mules dates very far back in history. They were used in the days of Absolom, and have always been properly esteemed by those who understood their value. The ancients did not employ the horse for any purpose of husbandry. The ox and the ass were the chief reliance in performing all kinds of drudgery, as is apparent, from the allusions of the Scriptures being to these animals and not to the horse. But the Feudal System in Europe changed the customs of society in this respect as well as many others. The numerous retainers of the Feudal Lords, who held their lands by the tenure of performing knight's service, were required to keep horses, and gradually compelled these animals to support themselves by serving at the plough or wagon. From the establishment of the Feudal System, the chief trade of the world has been war, and next to poor deluded and sinful man himself, there is no animal that likes martial glory so much as the horse. Agriculture, therefore, both in Europe and this country, has every where embraced the breeding of horses adapted to the various uses in war.

* * * * * * * *

1. Mules, on a general average, live more than twice as long as horses. They are fit for service from three years old to thirty. At twelve, a horse has seen his best days, and is going down hill, but a mule at that age has scarcely risen out of his coolthood, and goes on improving till he is twenty. Instances are recorded of mules living sixty and seventy years, but these are exceptions. The general rule is, that they average thirty.

2. Mules are never exposed to *disease* as horses are. I have spent considerable time in studying the diseases of horses, from ringbone up to poll evil. But who ever heard of a ringboned, spavined, windbroken mule? Immense sums of money are annually lost in the premature death of high-priced horses by accident and disease. The omnibus lines in the city of New York have not been able to sustain their losses, and they are beginning to use mules as less liable by far even to *accident* as well as disease. This results from the next consideration, which is that—

3. Mules have *organs of vision* and *hearing* far superior to those of the horse. Hence they seldom shear, and frighten, and run off. A horse frightens because he imagines he sees something frightful, but a mule, having superior discernment both by the eye and ear, understands every thing he meets, and therefore is safe. For the same reason he is *surer-footed*, and hence more valuable in mountainous regions and on dangerous roads. I doubt whether on the Alpine paths a mule ever fell from a misstep. He may have been deceived in the firmness of the spot where he set his foot but not in the propriety of the choice, all appearances considered.

4. The mule is much more hardy than the horse. A pair of these animals, owned by a neighbor of mine, although small in size, will plough more land in one week than four horses. In light harness, or under the saddle, in hauling iron ore, or on the turnpike before a Conestoga wagon, one mule in a lifetime will kill seven horses. Their faculty of endurance is almost incredible.

5. Another very important fact is, that in the matter of *food*, a mule will live and thrive on less than one half it takes to keep a horse. The horses of England, at this present time, are consuming grain which would save the lives of thousands of British subjects. A particular friend of mine who has just returned from a visit to Ireland, informed me a few days ago, that in the county of Antrim alone, there were eight poor-houses, containing from eight to nine hundred paupers each. Were the nobility of England disposed to substitute mules for horses, the grave might be cheated out of thousands of victims who starve to death for want of the grain that horses consume. In our country, however, the saving of grain is no object. In a national point of view, the agricultural interest is so great, that the greater the demand for grain, of all kinds, the better for the farmer. But yet individual farmers, who are in debt, and whose land is not improved, would find it profitable, in the course of ten years, to have the labor of a full team, and save one half and more of the food necessary to keep it up, as might be the case in substituting mules for horses.

I think, now, I have made out my point that mules are, for all practical purposes, superior to horses, and that farmers stand in their own light by not banishing horses from common use and substituting the mule.

MORTALITY AMONG THE HORSES.

FROM THE N. Y. SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Mr. P.—The sake of humanity prompts me to send you the following observation. Over a dozen of horses died last week in our streets from what is generally termed Sun-stroke. The fact is that the inhuman owners or drivers expect their horses to go as fast at this as at other seasons of the year. The spirit of the noble animal will not permit him to give up until he is exhausted; the heat is no doubt the cause, but how erroneous is the treatment to restore them! The first thing is to plunge a knife into the palate of the mouth or the partition of the nostrils. Here is a double error; they imagine by that means they deprive the brain of blood! No such thing; in the palate he mostly draws arterial blood which is going to the parts for support; in the nose they only abstract the venous blood of the face. The great error is, they aggravate the disease by "taking away even that which is left."

The proper and simple means under such circumstances (and which every coachman and stage-driver ought to be made acquainted with,) would be, to get a little gin or brandy and add double the quantity of water to it, and give a spoonful every five minutes until reaction takes place, when the animal will be, in nine cases out of ten, restored and able to walk to his stable in less than an hour. By pursuing the other course nine cases out of ten die, and, for the information of parties that advocate the bleeding, I must tell them that if ever it should be deemed necessary to deprive the brain of blood, they must tie up the carrotid or vertebral arteries, and the only channels conveying blood from the brain are the jugular veins.

CHARLES WILLS, Veterinary Surgeon.

A GOOD COW.

Mr. Editor:—I have found the truth of the axiom, "There is more than one hundred per cent. difference between a good cow and a bad one," as a good cow gives a profit, but a bad one a loss. I take shame to myself when I add, that I might have known long ago, by making the experiment, which only goes to prove, that we do not always practice what we profess. By keeping the milk of three cows separate for a considerable time, and churning the cream also separate, I find I have been doing despite two of the number, by mixing with their yellow milk, that of the third, which produces butter about the color of lard, and somewhat of the same consistency—a sort of greasy concern, you may depend. So, instead of averaging their yield as I have been in the habit of doing, I shall cut off the delinquent, and no longer permit her to cumber the ground, and consume the food she has never paid for. And now having made confession, may I not take the liberty of asking some of my friends how far they have followed up the advice which, line upon line and precept upon precept, has been so long held up to their notice in your columns, only to be, like many another piece of good advice, well received but ill executed. But had the deficiency in the *quantity* of milk been half as manifest as the *quality* since trial, I should not have so long remained in error, which observation reminds me of the question in your last, "whether a cow that is first rate for butter is always best for cheese also," and out of which very sensible question, I hope an answer, and to the point, will grow, or be made to follow, from some other of your valuable correspondents. I have to add, I find that my cow of which I complain, gives but three pounds and a half of butter per week at her best, but let me ask, might she not be a good cheese cow? This I must ascertain, and if so, I shall dispose of her to a neighbor, who is engaged in cheese-dairying. How I wonder we do not always make experiments for ourselves, which has been called "growing facts," you know.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Practical Advice.—A Southern paper gives the following practical advice to a person who broke off a profitable city business to turn farmer. We re-publish it with a view of it being of some service even to some of our readers.

To Break up a Farm.—Early in the Spring, as soon as you have laid in a supply of the best ploughs, harrows, rakes, hoes, &c., employ an overseer, and spend the balance of the year at the Springs—if you are a *fashionable*; if not, go trotting round two or three counties trying to see if there is any possible chance of getting the nomination for the next canvass. By these means your farm will be pretty well broken up, in a surprisingly short time.

Cheap Way of Fattening Hogs.—Turn them in your neighbor's corn field every night.

How to Cure Fistula in a Horse.—Shoot him.

The Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FROM THE MAGAZINE OF FASHION.

Public Promenade Dress.—Blue taffeta robe the corsage is high at the back, open en V on the bosom, is made with a small collar, and a lappel descending to the waist; it forms a habit lappel at the top; from thence it becomes narrower, and is cut in points till it reaches the bottom; the collar and lappel are bordered with a rich fancy trimming. Sleeves a three-quarter length, tight to the elbow, open from thence, square and moderately wide; the opening is bordered with three rows of trimming; under sleeves of embroidered tulle. The sides of the skirt are decorated *en tablier* with the trimming; there are two rows on each, arranged somewhat in the lozenge form. Chapeau composed of a round and rather deep brim of the finest Italian straw, and a round caul and *bavolet* of black lace.—A full blown rose, embedded in buds and foliage, is placed on each side of the exterior; and tufts of rosebuds, intermingled with coques of white ribbon ornament the interior; white *brides* complete the trimming. China crape shawl of a large size.

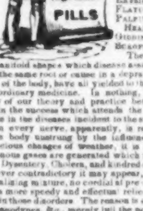
Demi-Toilette.—*Robe peignoir* of lilac *barege*; the form is *à l'Anna Boleyn*; the *corsage*—full on the shoulders, but confined by bands—descends in folds to the deep point at the bottom, and opens in front on a *guimpe bouillonneé* formed on the corsage of the muslin under dress by four bands of lilac ribbon to correspond. The black is disposed in close folds. The sleeves, nearly, but not quite, long, open in a similar manner, over muslin ones arranged in *bouillonneé* by four bands; the muslin sleeves are terminated by wristbands. Plain skirt, opening from the point of the waist on the underskirt *bouillonneé* in the same style as the *corsage* but on a larger scale, the *bouillons* are maintained by eight bands, placed at regular distances. Chapeau à la *Marie Stuart* of *ouvrée* crape, the brim—less pointed than usual—is trimmed round the interior of the edge with a wreath of small flowers, and the exterior with a white flat feather, drooping on the left side, and one of straw color on the right; they issue from under an agrafe of straw colored ribbon; brides of the same complete the trimming.

Home Dress.—Rose colored *barege* robe, the *corsage*—high at the back, opening en V on the bosom—is tight at the upper part, but has a little fullness at the lower; it is trimmed with rows of festooned flounces, they are continued *en tablier* on the front of the skirt, three on each side. The sleeves a three-quarter length, are trimmed to correspond. Embroidered muslin high chemisette. The *coiffure* is composed of green ribbons, arranged somewhat in the cap style, and decorated with flowers.

Morning Dress.—Emerald green *pouli de soie* robe; *corsage* à la *Dubarry*; sleeves a three-quarter length and tight muslin under sleeves, trimmed with three rows of lace, the lower one falling low on the hand. Embroidered muslin *chemisette* quite high. White *pouli de soie capote*, a [illegible] shape, drawn and trimmed with *roses pompons*, disposed in a tuft on each side, and white *brides*.

Advertisements.

ONWARD AND UPWARD! VICTORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!!



Sick Headache, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Chills and Fever, Jaundice, Biliousness, Female Complaints, Eruptions of the Skin, Erysipelas, Flatulence, Palpitation of the Heart, Giddiness, Scrofula.

The above and the manifold shapes which disease assumes, springing from the same root or cause in a depraved state of the fluids of the body, have all yielded to the power of this extraordinary medicine. In nothing, however, is the verity of our theory and practice better established than in the success which attends the use of the medicine in the diseases incident to the summer and fall. When every nerve, apparently, is relaxed, and the whole body unstrung by the influence of heat and capricious changes of weather, it is then that those poisonous gases are generated which result in Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, and kindred disorders. And however contradictory it may appear, no anodyne, no neutralizing mixture, no cordial at present in existence yields more speedy and effectual relief, than do these Pills in those disorders. The reason is obvious. While your anodynes, &c., merely lull the powers of nature into a dangerous repose, from which they awake but to exert themselves with even more violence than before, these Pills utterly expel the *offending cause itself*, and thus make effectual the work they undertake to perform. The reason may be seen in a remarkable manner in another light. A too *rapid* motion of the vital organs is equally *unnatural* as a too *slow* motion. The one comes from a too great flow of bile which is deficient in the latter case. Now, whereas to correct the one or to remove the other, the use of this medicine is of equal service. The object to be gained in both is to restore the equilibrium of the system. We could establish our position by a host of certificates, but this we deem unnecessary.

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